

THE

Cottage
FAIR SYRIAN.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED, FOR MESS. GILBERT, BYRNE,
H. WHITESTONE, HEERY, LEWIS,
MOORE, JONES and HALPEN.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.



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AND
OVER

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THE
FAIR SYRIAN.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

La bonne Espérance, Sur Mer, May 11, 1781.

LA T. 47. 11. Lon. 20. 19. Wind S. W.
and by W. Morning hazy. Close hauled
upon the larboard tack. Very near seeing the
fun once. Did see several birds and a porpus.

May 12.

Lat. 46. 59. Lon. 20. 41. Wind upon the
beam. Eight knots an hour. Sun appears.
Work an Azimuth. A Sail. English colours.
Twenty guns. Council called. Determine to
stand a brush—having twenty-four guns. Clear
the vessel. Every thing ready. Englishman
bears down upon us. Give him a broadside.
Returns it. Get a mile distance before either
vessel could wear. Don't think it worth while
pursue our course.

2 THE FAIR SYRIAN.

It would tend extremely to your edification, my dear Count, and doubtless to the glory of my country, to continue my Journal; but man is either born with a natural disposition to do what he likes, or gets one tolerably soon in life; and I must confess, to my shame, that I have been so long in the habit of preferring the agreeable to the useful, that it sticks as close as a ladleful of warm tar, a sailor made a shift to throw over my cloaths an hour ago.

St. Flos, you are the dearest friend I have at present upon the surface of this globe; I told you so at the academy two years since, and when I left 'it, we began our eternal correspondence, which we supported with great constancy for six months. Your resentment at my notorious breach of it, must have been lively; but I deserve your pity rather than your anger. How should you not regard an unhappy friend with compassion, who, drawn into the *tourbillon* of Paris, lost his senses in the whirl; against whom, his friends have taken out a statute of lunacy, sending him across the Atlantic, to be bled. To my great comfort however, I am not likely to be pointed at in America, as an object of singularity. Great numbers of people there, I am informed, especially English, are very much out of their right minds.

My

My dear St. Flos, think a little of the melancholy situation of a Parisian *Petit Maître*, twenty-one years and an half old, studying tactics in a cabin in the middle of the Atlantic. If the idea of renewing a correspondence with you had not entered my head, I should certainly have foused it into the ocean as a cure for its megrims. No, I will suspend the operation. I will revive my claim to your friendship; and I will put it out of your power to refuse it me, by a full confession of my delinquency, and by continuing to make you the sole confident of all my disasters by sea and land.

You know my father died whilst I was young, and left his very large fortune solely in the disposal of my mother, I suppose, to secure my obedience. The Abbé Polonè, a little opera girl, and myself, were the only people who ever accused the Marchioness of abusing this power; and you shall judge if we had not more reason than the rest of the world. At the commencement of my twenty-first year, she allowed me ten thousand livres per Ann.—My little opera girl cost me twenty—the Abbé Polonè did me the honour to borrow ten for his own use—and I had other *menús plaisirs* which cost me ten more.—So that at the end of the first

4 THE FAIR SYRIAN

year of my introduction into life, I had the spirit to be thirty thousand livres in debt.

St. Flos, I anticipate your reflections. "The thing is incredible! Such a raw and bashful puppy when you left Dijon!" True; but Paris is a fine school. You shall hear.

The Abbé Poloné was a man of profound piety, and my mother was beginning to grow devout. There is not a woman in Paris of a better reputation: for all her amours had been conducted *comme il faut*, and that you know, at Paris, is *la vertu même*. Just about this time, however, she had experienced some few neglects; and as she is a woman of excellent sense, she knew that to withdraw at the critical instant, was to give herself a right to decide upon the conduct of others, all the rest of her life.

I told you the Abbé Poloné was a man of profound piety, but I told it you too soon, and am therefore obliged to repeat it. These little anticipations happen very frequently in the French language. The Marchioness thought she could not do better than give him her confidence, because he was also a man of confirmed probity, easy manners, and a proficient in the know-

knowledge of mankind. In short, the very man I wanted to introduce me into life.

I had, as you know, *une mauvaise honte prodigieuse*; at which the ladies of the Marchioness's acquaintance, indulged themselves, with so many *éclats de rire*, that I was impatient to get rid of it. The Abbé could find no better expedient for this purpose, than to carry me to * * *, a pretty house two leagues from Paris, where Madame D. who had spent her youth in laying personal obligations upon mankind, had retired to spend her advanced age in obliging by substitution.

I was charmed with the easy, unrepulsive manners of Madame D.'s fair daughter. The time which the Marchioness thought I gave to the gentlemen dealers in science, I gave to these lovely dealers in joy; and the Abbé Poloné having kindly introduced me into a brilliant society *de beaux Esprits, et de bons vivants*; in six months, I changed my *mauvaise honte* for an inflammatory fever, which ought, had the prognostics of the gentlemen of the faculty been duly performed, to have conducted me to the tomb of my father.

During my convalescence, the Marchioness had the goodness to fabricate for my use, about

6 THE FAIR SYRIAN.

twenty gros of apothegms ; which I should undoubtedly be the better for all the days of my life, but for a little infirmity of memory. They enter my head precisely at a time when the business has been done, one way or other, without them.

The Marchioness, in the course of her enquiries had found out, that in all my little excursions into the regions of love and wine, I had been accompanied by the virtuous Abbé Poloné. With a dignity proportioned to the importance of the matter, she demanded *un éclaircissement*. The Abbé knew it was in vain to deny it. He took a better way.

“ You do me, Madam, the greatest of all
 “ injuries in supposing that I did not yield to
 “ this turn of the amiable Marquis, with infinite
 “ reluctance. But what could I do? To
 “ leave him to himself, in such a path, would
 “ have been absolutely betraying the sacred
 “ trust, you did me the honour to confide in
 “ me.”

But why, says the Marchioness, were these enormities to be kept a secret from me?

“ Who but a monster would poison the tranquillity of a mother—of such a mother—
 “ with details of the evanescent follies of youth?”

The

“ The errors of a youthful hour? No, madam,
 “ the pure respect with which I am devoted to
 “ the most amiable lady in France, would ne-
 “ ver permit me to enter into the representa-
 “ tion.”

The most amiable lady in France, found these reasons so uncontrovertible, that her dignity was satisfied, her anger appeased, and she continued her favour and confidence to the Abbé, in their original force and virtue.

The Abbé repaid them gratefully. Renewing our acquaintance with the long neglected Horace and Juvenal, and half a score more whose names I have had time to forget, together with the conversation of a few live authors who did the Marchioness the honour *de lui faire les politesses* about dinner time, occupied us two months. But perfect happiness, my dear Count, is not to be had in this vile planet, whatever it may be in the moon. This engaging way of life brought with it a small matter of *Ennui*, and the Abbé prescribed the opera as a cure. The remedy was complet. I saw la Fleurette dance. Heavens! what grace! what agility! *L'Amour* recovered his ascendancy, and *Ennui* was no more. I talked of her four days, and the obliging Abbé, seeing the case serious, had the

3 THE FAIR SYRIAN.

goodness to go himself to engage la Fleurette to give me some marks of favour.

The generous girl gave way to the emotions of a tender and compassionate heart, and broke with an old *Bourgeois* who allowed her five thousand livres per annum. The opera never produced a creature more vivacious; what she wanted in wit she supplied with love; and accordingly *la belle faisoit mes delices* for a year, at the end of which, I found myself thirty thousand livres in debt, which the industrious Abbé had found means to borrow *sur mes deniers futurs*.

But this was a *bagatelle*. That the Marchioness should become acquainted with every tittle of the transaction, was rather a more serious consequence, and produced a storm that burst like thunder upon our devoted heads. The Abbé had recourse to the old argument; but the most “amiable lady in France” found a debt of thirty thousand livres could not be paid with pure respect; his piety, his eloquence, like court friends, failed him at the instant of necessity; nor could his last resource, effrontery, shield him from disgrace and dismissal.

“As to you, my little Marquis,” says my mother, “you will be so good to go and ga-
“ther

“ther a few laurels under Monsieur Ro-
 “chambeau in America. Whilst a wreath of
 “glory is to be acquired, in any part of the
 “world, it ill becomes a son of the house of St.
 “Claur, to waste his youth in the soft lap of a
 “mistress! And what a mistress! Good Hea-
 “ven! Be so good, Sir, to depart for Brest
 “early in the morning; I will take upon me
 “the care of forwarding your camp equipage,
 “and every thing necessary for a gentleman
 “volunteer.

“I have never before disputed your autho-
 “rity, Madam,” replied I, “but the manner
 “in which you exercise it—*Mon dieu, Madame,*
 “a little more tenderness, and less magnanimi-
 “ty, if you please.”

“Oh, for tenderness,” answered she, “you
 “shall always have as much as you can make
 “out a good title to. As to disputing my au-
 “thority, *Monsieur le Marquis*, I will tell you
 “the whole of it in a few words—America, or
 “a *lettre de cachet*—Chuse.”

“Since there is no other alternative, Ma-
 “dam,” says I, “I shall certainly chuse to obey
 “you; but should an English bullet deprive you

“ of your son—perhaps you will reproach yourself.”

“ Be under no uneasiness on that score, my dear Marquis,” replies she, “ I shall pardon myself your death, much easier than I shall your life—since such is your life. And what at present, in the name of common sense should I have to regret? A son, the disgrace of his father’s house. No, Marquis; I am not one of those foolish mothers whose tenderness is a mere instinct of nature. A son without merit may excite my tears, but never my affection.”

The Marchioness now began to draw a picture of my *Morale*, and a pretty portrait she made of it. Shall I confess to you, St. Flos, her words penetrated my soul. I threw myself at her feet, and swore I would abandon whatever she wished me to abandon, and recover her esteem, or die. I even shed tears and she also.

“ If I could depend upon you, Marquis, there would be no need of going to America.”

“ No, Madam, suffer me to go; there is a necessity for my leaving Paris. I cannot depend upon myself.”

The Marchioness embraced me tenderly. “ I think my dear,” says she, “ you had better
“ ter

“ter go for a campaign or two. You shall
 “have no commission. Your return shall be
 “in your own power.” I set out for Brest the
 next morning.

The parting tears of a mother and sister
 whom, at this peculiar instant, I loved, or
 thought I loved extremely, drove poor la Fleu-
 rette quite out of my head. I had not procee-
 ded ten leagues before she entered it again, and
 filled it full of that black, spleen-engendering
 vapour, which I shall never get over my aver-
 sion to, as long as I live. Poor girl, says I! I
 have left thee to misery and anguish. Thy days
 will be spent in sighs, thy nights in tears; but
 in all the vast city of Paris, some one will be
 found to give thee consolation; some one ——

I am this moment interrupted by a sail retur-
 ning to France,—I take the opportunity of sen-
 ding off this the first of my dispatches. and to
 assure St. Flos that his friendship is most dear to
 me.

St. CLAUDE.

The

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

The Jerseys.

OUR voyage, my dear Count, was happily performed. Immediately on landing, I flew to join Monsieur de Rochambeau, whom I found co-operating with the Fabius of the Americans. The Count received me with great politeness, and examined me in the military catechism, which I had studied furiously during the voyage. Vanity apart, St. Flos, I made no small figure—theoretically. It is true, as soon as I came into the practice, I found the necessity of amending my ideas. The first month, however, I spent entirely as a spectator. Marches I saw and countermarches, works and watches, skirmishes, ambuscades, and a number of tricks of war. In short, the scene was so full of novelty and spirit, that I wanted time to grow tired of existence, and to die of chagrin.

The first command the Count honoured me with, was to besiege a mill. I took fifty men for this terrible expedition, and we travelled
five

five miles in the midst of a dark night. It was to be a *coup-de-main*. We could arrive at the mill no other way but by passing a ford below it, which our guides assured us was shallow. We arrived safe into the middle of it, not wet above half way up the thigh, when we heard all of a sudden a torrent of water, as we fancied rushing over a cataract. Night has astonishing powers of amplification. In a minute we found ourselves wet above the centre, and at the same instant were saluted with a volley of small shot, and a discharge from two or three peteraroes. These accidents unsettled our nerves. They sent no longer the stream of valour to the brain. The brain admitted no idea but of retreat, and that was conducted by no means after the manner of Xenophon. In short, it was a business of pure scamper. At the break of day, I found myself alone, splashing through a dirty lane, and discovered, that let the Alexanders of the world give themselves what airs they please, a commander without troops, is but a pitiful spectacle.

The laugh, as you may suppose, ran against me for several days; I had nothing to do but to laugh as loud as others, and as disasters of this kind were frequent enough amongst us, my affair was soon forgotten.

I had

I had the good fortune soon after, to efface my own ridicule by the capture of an English officer of some rank, whom I took in bed, or so near it that he had only time to put his breeches on. This piece of success was more applauded than it deserved. My vanity however was excited by it, and valour, as big as it looks, is often indebted to poor vanity for half its value at least. I thrust myself into every little action I could, for battles we had none, and began to be talked of as a lad of mettle, or as the English phrase it, of *Spunk and Dash*. I began to contemplate a future Turenne in my own promising abilities, when all my towering hopes were dashed by the simple circumstance of engaging with more of the enemy at once, than we knew how to manage.

A convoy of beeves were on their way to the English camp, and we desired extremely to have the honour of entertaining them in ours. I was complimented with the care of giving them the invitation. For the greater dignity of the thing, I had five hundred attendants. After about half an hour's civilities, the oxen came over to our side, and we were going to congratulate ourselves on the acquisition, when a large body of fresh Englishmen took the trou-

trouble to come across a thick wood, to pay their devoirs to us in flank.

We received the new comers with great respect. Compliments passed on both sides, till half the number of each fell asleep, and myself among the rest. The rest of my brave attendants found it necessary to try their vigour of foot; in this part of the business they had much the advantage of the English, and regained the camp with a celerity scarcely to be exceeded.

As to my own part, the first object I beheld when I awoke was a pair of black eyes that sparkled with rather more lustre than is usual in America; the face they adorned was also lovely in its own nature; but a horrible *coëffure* had disguised it, and a home spun gown had divested the whole person of a thousand charms, a Parisian milliner would have called forth to open day. Besides this fair object, a surgeon was busy in his way; and at the other end of the room was an officer in an English uniform, looking towards the bed on which I lay, with a manly pity on his countenance.

This gentleman when he saw the first signs of intelligence, came and took my hand; which pressing with a gentle pressure, Brave St. Clair, says

says he, repose in peace, you are in the hands of friends.

I returned the pressure gratefully.—It was all I could. The surgeon ordered that every thing should be quiet and still around me ; and it was several days before my own servant was permitted to give me an account of my situation.

“ You fell,” says he, “ by the stroke of a bullet ; and Captain Amington the commander of the English detachment caused you to be brought to this house, one of the first within the English lines, and his own quarters. On your first recovery a flag was sent to the French camp, with an account of your situation. I came with the flag. Monsieur Norroy has been to visit you, but it was judged improper by the surgeon.”

In short, I found nothing was omitted by Captain Amington, which the humanity of a noble and gallant enemy could possibly supply.

I recovered in about a month, and as exchanges have always proved a difficult business betwixt England and America, Amington procured me leave to go where I would, upon my parole ; which implies, or should imply, I think, that you shall commit no act of hostility

or

or treachery against the people to whom you are a prisoner.

I stayed a month longer to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of Captain Amington. I like him beyond expression. To say truth, I told him so six weeks since. It was not till yesterday, he could rub off the rust of his country, and inform me, that tho' I was a Frenchman, and a monkey, there was a damned *Je ne sçai quoi* about me, that attached him to me in spite of his philosophy, and directly in the teeth of his prejudices.

I cannot resist the desire I have of giving you his character, at least as far as my penetration has been able to develope it. He is a philosopher; that is to say, he loves knowledge, and embraces every opportunity to obtain it. His studies I find have been useful and unremitting. He calls himself obliged to Mathematics for a correct imagination, and a taste for uniformity in the common actions of life. Nature has given him a sensible heart, and education a sound understanding. He reasons coolly, and fights as he reasons. No man is fitter to command others, for no man has more command of himself. Add to this an universal spirit of probity, and *le voilà*—Captain Amington, at twenty-five years old.

It

It is worth while to give you a contrast? There is a man of your acquaintance, a philosopher neither in theory, nor practice. His studies have been light, useless, and not superabundant. Nature has given him a heart sensible to beauty, and education a superficial understanding. He reasons as he fights, with all the impetuosity of his nation. Add to this an universal spirit of gallantry and ton—*le voilà*—Monsieur le Marquis de St. Claur, at twenty-two.

An opportunity offers of a packet to France. I have written to *Mamma* as a dutiful child ought, and am obliged to seal this instant.

Adieu,

St. CLAUR.

Capt. AMINGTON to Sir JOHN AMINGTON.

The Jerseys.

I Received, my ever dear and honoured Sir, your favour of the first of last month, in which you express your wishes that I would return to England as soon as my employment will permit me without dishonour. How much should I be gratified with that wish, if I were not alarmed and dejected by the cause. Dear Sir, you tear my heart by the sadness of your expression.—“To close your eyes!” Oh! Sir, may the melancholy hour be far distant! It is not a father only I should have to lament; you have added the tenderest friendship to the paternal tie; you have formed a character out of both, that equally attracts my affection, my esteem, my reverence and my admiration; and I feel the universe could not repair the loss. Yes, Sir! I will hasten to throw myself at your feet. I conjure you live to bless and recompence me for the pleasure I have lost by this afflicting absence. It is true, I brought it upon myself, but when will the ardour of youthful hearts, listen to the voice of wisdom
and

and prudence? I thought myself a patriot. I pressed forward to the service of my country. Alas! experience, reflection and observation, have taught me, I could not have served it worse. Fatal to half the world would have been the hour in which we had enslaved America.—Most fatal to ourselves. Happy, that the nature of the country, the independent spirit of the greater part of its inhabitants, and our unsettled councils, have combined to render the design, if it was design, abortive.

I will not go over again the long trod ground of supremacy and obedience; nor enquire into the right of one to govern, nor the duty of the other to obey. I will only take notice, that every opinion that can be fairly controverted, must be speculative merely. Of all such, reason ought to be sole arbitress. At least, her powers ought to be employed before we take the cruel resolution to speculate by fire and sword. No other of the follies or depravities of mankind, can surpass this in absurdity, none can equal it in horror.

We have indeed, in our camps, ingeniously contrived to mitigate the calamities of war, by some of the arts of peace. We have adopted the rage of the French officers for play, of the Dutch for getting money. One has fifty wag-
gons

gons in the pay of government; another sixty, another fourscore. Some lay out their money in small vessels to be used in the coast and river service. They are employed sometimes, and paid always. This money-getting disposition is so unworthy of, so contrary to the duty of a soldier, that I have not been always able to conceal my dislike. Some ill will, and some neglect I have drawn upon myself by this failure in prudence. More still, by refusing to join in that more general error, that inlet to half the calamities of social life, gaming. To your precepts, and to your example, I owe a rooted abhorrence of this vice; and if I cannot associate with my countrymen without adopting it, I will live and die a hermit.

It has been my fortune to defeat a detachment of French and Americans sent to intercept a convoy, and to capture the commander, the Marquis de St. Clair, a very amiable gentleman, who joins to French wit, and French vivacity, English good sense, and English probity. He has demanded my friendship and obtained it. He is a volunteer as well as myself, and in character of my prisoner, is determined, as he calls it, to grace my car of triumph in England. I am much more pleased with this conquest, than if I had conquered Washington.

This

This packet, my dear Sir, will contain a letter of congratulation to my sister, on her marriage, with Lord Bembridge; and one of condolence to my worthy Osborne, that respected friend, whose heart is an assemblage of all that is good in man.

It would have been the delight of my heart, to have called him brother, and it would have constituted my sister's happiness, if my sister had the good fortune to have been brought up, after my mother's death, under your eye. But unhappily when my aunt, Lady Jervaise, prevailed upon you to trust my sister to her care; she was at that period of life, when grandeur and pleasure strike with the greatest force. May she be truly happy! She is lovely, and though an uncommon share of spirits, gave her sometimes an air of levity, she has great good sense. Poor Osborne! he doted on her, with a fondness not often felt in the shades. Cities know it not.

The Charlotte frigate which brings this to England is preparing to sail. Soon I hope to have the pleasure of paying you my personal duty.—'Till when, I am most truly,

Your dutiful Son,

JOHN AMINGTON.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR, to the Count
de St. FLOS.

The Jerseys.

WHEREVER a Frenchman travels, he must distinguish the route by his gallantries. When he chuses in confidence to impart these to a few half hundreds of his intimate friends, he speaks always *de ses bonnes fortunes*. *Les malheurs de l'amour*, provided they are his own, he trusts not, even to his confessor. Nor will I to mine. Think then, *Monsieur le Comte*, how high you stand in my estimation, when I confide secrets in your bosom, which I would not trust to the mother that bore me.

The first use I made of my liberty on parole, was to visit the saints of Boston. They received me well, and talked to me of Jesus Christ, John Calvin, the Devil and the damned English. Those who did me the honour to invite me to dinner, always carried me to church, as a preparative. The saints find devotion a hungry business, and faith, I had presently so much of the saint about me, as to find the carnal entertainment,

ment, much strengthened by the spiritual. I had no doubt the evening would conclude with *un petit souper* at least, if not with a ball or play, where I should enjoy the company of the ladies, and of the *beaux esprits*; nothing but sound, hard, solid understandings, that govern heaven, metaphysically, and the earth, politically. As to the ladies, they have their own little coteries, where men never come.

Now, this Non-association principle pleased me as little as that of Non-importation did, the gentlemen of Old England. I should have known no more of the women of this part of the new world than the half hour of dinner would have allowed me, had it not been for a leading magistrate, who happening to marry, had stumbled upon the prettiest creature in Boston. I generally happened to wait upon this gentleman, at his own house, just at the time, when he was instructing his fellow citizens at Faneuil-hall, in the nature of the social compact. I wished to receive my instruction from the lips of the lady, but I found her ideas of social compact not so liberal as my own. I endeavoured (it was for the honour of my country, you know,) to extend them. There was an obstinacy about her I thought very unchristian-like,

like. She defended it by seventeen texts of scripture, and as unfortunately there is nothing a Frenchman knows so little of as his bible, I suffered a total defeat. Three days and nights I studied the bible in the English tongue, in which, by the bye, I am [no small] proficient; but finding I could get nothing out of it for my purpose, I was obliged to give it up, and the lady into the bargain. The least she could have done in gratitude for my attentions, would have been to keep the secret;—but no such thing; at least I thought so, from a certain increase of gravity in some wise faces, and from sundry whispers, evidently performed on my account. I left Boston therefore with great vivacity, and was never once in danger of becoming a pillar of salt, by looking back on the town with the least regret.

— *Monsieur le Comte*, there was a time when you and I played at tennis, and scanned latin verses, at the Academy of Dijon. People were then impertinent enough to call me by my Christian Name. Now Sir, I have fought and bled for the honour of France, and should have died for it too, had it pleased God, and the English surgeon. For the honour of France, I am now become an itinerant philosopher; and whenever

my speculations can edify or glorify my dear country, I intend you the honour of becoming the medium through which I shall transmit them. Attend, Sir,—Efficacious grace, which might be, but never was resisted, once the most fragrant flower in the fair garden of Jansenism, by the malice of the Devil, was suffered to be plundered and stolen; since when, bastard slips only have grown in here and there an obscure corner, so that my gallant countrymen, and fair countrywomen, might almost as well be without any grace at all. And to say truth, we are violently suspected of being much in that predicament. This plant, my dear Count, is in full bloom in New England, and shall I not do my country a most acceptable service, in bringing home a few ship-loads, with all possible precaution, to preserve the vegetative power? Advertise the project, for I would do nothing rashly, in the *Mercure galant*.—Publish it in the circles. Inform me if France has yet any relish for the Grace it has lost.

It is possible, *Monsieur*, you may have heard of the words Free-will, and Predestination, and how they puzzled the wisest heads in the old world, to bring them into a good understanding with one another. In the new world, they make
nothing

nothing of it. I am not yet an adept in this branch, but I believe they perform it something after the Spanish manner, invented by Molinos. At the creation, God saw into the heads of all the men and women, that ever would be created. He caused also all the motives for human action, in every form and combination that would be, to be exhibited unto them. Thus, seeing every thing that they would do, he issued out his eternal decrees, that matter and motion, life and spirit, should go on as they would go on—*ad eternitatem*.

In Old England, I hear they have done the same thing in another way.

I edify you, *Monseigneur le Comte* ; but that is nothing. I was born to edify mankind. My nurse saw it in my face before I was three years old. There is no resisting destiny.

My next excursion was to Philadelphia, to do my *baifemains* to that terrible congress, whose name is to be celebrated by future Livys, as the ancient preserver of the only storehouse for liberty in the four quarters of the globe ; where thirty generations of men, exclusive of accidents, may be furnished with what they want. I'll tell you a secret, my dear Count ; I had it from a Quaker, one of the people who never swear, and very seldom lie.

“ The heads of the Kings and rulers of the
 “ old world are worm-eaten.” The man is a
 farmer, and though I have the honour to be the
 Marquis de St. Clair, and not to know wheat
 from barley, in the blade, yet, as it is the fa-
 shion, to visit him on account of his numerous
 improvements, I chose to be in the fashion. His
 conversation was so entertaining, his hospitality
 so warm, and his wife so pretty, that I stayed
 three days with him in the country, without be-
 coming an *ennuyé*, except once, when the differ-
 tation upon plants had been stretched out rather
 too long. I had the misfortune to gape. “ I
 “ tire thee,” says he. I was assuring him to
 the contrary. “ We study here the language
 “ of nature more than that of politeness,” says
 he; “ come let us take a walk.”

In a field, where many sheep were feeding,
 one of them very often, holding its head awry,
 staggered round and round, fell down, and soon
 rose again and eat. “ The brain of that poor
 “ animal,” says he, has worms in it; I must
 “ order it to the slaughter-house out of com-
 “ passion. We call this disorder the turn; and
 “ I am apt to think Kings have it sometimes.
 “ Thou knowest the Americans are struggling
 “ for liberty. Thy King, and the King of Spain,
 “ who

" who dote upon it so, that they keep it all to
 " themselves, and tell their people it is not for
 " common wear, help us forward in the ob-
 " taining it with all their might ; and the King
 " of England, who lives but to extend and se-
 " cure this blessing to all his subjects, is labour-
 " ing as lustily to deprive us of it. Much in
 " the same manner acted thy fourteenth Louis,
 " when he revoked the edict of Nantz, to de-
 " stroy liberty of thinking at home, and sent
 " millions to support it in Germany.—What
 " thinkest thou ?—Did not it denote worms ?"

" Possibly it might," replies I ; but this accu-
 " sation brought against the present Kings of
 " France and Spain, comes not well from the
 " mouth of an American."

" Thou do'st not imagine," says he, " that I
 " think they can err on this side. But thou
 " will not say they are consistent. Let them
 " give their own people that liberty they endea-
 " vour to procure us, and they will be as high
 " in my esteem, almost as William Penn."

" I should like to know what standard you
 " measure merit by? It seems odd to compare
 " the Kings of France and Spain with William
 " Penn."

" Thou mistakest ; I do not. I know of no
 " point of comparison between them. One

“standard of merit is the *good* done to mankind.

“In reading the histories of thy country, one

“would be apt to conclude Kings thought them-

“selves great in proportion to the *mischief* they

“did ; and that their subjects were blind enough

“to sanctify the error.”

“Surely mankind is much benefited by being

“well governed.”

“I grant it.—Is thy country so ?

“We think it is.”

“Who do’st thou mean by the term we ?”

“The public in general.”

“The public in general then must be sunk

“low indeed in the scale of political freedom.

“Let us for conversation sake turn naturalists ;

“and consider man by his inward as well as out-

“ward marks. The people of thy country, and

“ours, are doubtless classed under the name of

“MAN as a GENUS ; let us see, if the SPE-

“CIES may not differ.”

“We will begin the comparison with the

“rank of peasants, that numerous class employ-

“ed in raising subsistence for the whole commu-

“nity. In France, how poor they are ! how

“abject ! starving in the midst of those delica-

“cies they are daily creating, as it were, for

“the use of others. See their rags, their black

“bread, and rancid bacon ! If a man of the

“*Noblesse*

“ *Noblesse*, honours them with his commands,
 “ they are *abymés infiniment*, and ready to jump
 “ into a well, to shew their sense of the ama-
 “ zing condescension. View the same rank in
 “ America, and acknowledge the difference. It
 “ would be insulting thy understanding to point
 “ it out. Every man feels himself a MAN;
 “ claims his share of the common bounties of
 “ nature; and above all, of liberty. It is true,
 “ you have a vast superiority in your trinket
 “ men, your *tailleurs*, *parfumeurs*, your *perru-*
 “ *quiers*, and especially your *cuisiniers*; and may
 “ a thousand ages elapse, before America be-
 “ comes your rival.”

“ St. Paul says, whatsoever you do, let it be
 “ to the praise and glory of God. A good
 “ Frenchman obeys the precept, but his God
 “ is the *grand Monarque*. If half a million are
 “ sent to Germany or Flanders, to die of the
 “ sword, disease or famine, the king’s glory
 “ requires it, and we are content. If Versailles
 “ and Fontainebleau waste the treasures of a na-
 “ tion in useless magnificence, or childish splen-
 “ dor, it is for the King’s glory, and we are con-
 “ tent. In return, the *grand Monarque*, or the
 “ *grand Monarque’s* mistresses take the trouble to
 “ govern these obsequious people according to
 “ their own good will and pleasure.”

“ At present, thou see’st America conceives
“ it possible, though doubtless very afflicting,
“ to subsist without this *species*; and when they
“ had it, they said not with the French, We
“ are thy servants, O King, do unto us as
“ seemeth good unto thee.—But, thou art our
“ servant, O King, execute our laws in righte-
“ ousness. Do’st thou perceive any difference ?”

“ I do. But Frenchmen have a great deal
“ to learn, and unlearn too, before they can
“ enter into so licentious a course of thinking,
“ and trample upon the sacred Majesty of
“ Kings.”

“ Sacred Majesty of Kings! Lord’s anoin-
“ ted! delegates of heaven! Just less than
“ Gods! In my youth I also read tragedies,
“ epic poems, romances, and divinity. Now
“ I read COMMON SENSE. And what pretty
“ epithets hast thou adapted to the dignity
“ of the sacred order? Wilt thou not think we
“ are given over to all uncleanness of spirit,
“ living as we do un-sprinkled, dying un-
“ unctioned. Can there be salvation, thinkest
“ thou without a bishop? Without that order
“ of men so useful to a nation that chuses to
“ think by proxy? But to tell thee a secret,
“ and it may serve to confirm the difference in
“ species,

“ species, American heads are so pertinaciously
“ constructed, that rather than not take their
“ own road to heaven, they will take none at
“ all.”

“ The road to heaven, my dear Sir, has
“ always been represented to us as a thorny
“ path, and hard to find. Why then should
“ we not take guides ?”

“ I grant thee, to the people of thy world,
“ the path is burthened with incumbrances ;
“ and prithee who put them there ? I fancy it
“ is the work of the hierarchy only. They
“ seem to me like pilots who tell of a thou-
“ sand imaginary sand-banks obstructing the
“ road into port, in order to be paid the pi-
“ lotage. Scarce any thing to us is so safe,
“ so easy, or so pleasant, as the way that con-
“ ducts to heaven. Love God ; love thy
“ neighbour ; and be just. This is our law
“ and our prophets.”

“ In all the true holy catholic mother church,
“ my dear Sir, there is not a priest who does
“ not derive his descent spiritually, from the
“ twelve apostles. We believe they are called
“ to the sacred work of salvation. We believe
“ they know something of what they teach.
“ We are sure we do not know. If they in-

“form us right, we have all the advantage of
“it. If wrong, as we cannot guide ourselves
“better, we are no worse than we were.”

“Thy plea is so good a one, that I promise
“thee whenever the men thou speakest of,
“prove their descent, *exclusively*—we will come
“over unto their faith. Till they do this,
“thou wilt excuse us, for not trusting wholly,
“our estates to stewards, our consciences to
“confessors, or our souls to priests. We think
“all these of importance enough to look to
“them ourselves.”

“Well Sir, all that I know is that you have
“sucked in, one set of maxims with your
“mother’s milk, and we another. Yours
“tends to establish reason, that damnable fa-
“culty according to our creed; ours faith;
“which whosoever has enough of, may re-
“move your Apalachian mountains.”

“Thou art right. Education is all in all.”
The honest Quaker seemed here inclined to
drop the conversation, but I intreated him to
go on with the comparison.

“There is the order of the *Noblesse*,” re-
plies he. “But I think thou thyself art of it;
“and though our religion forbids us to sacrifice
“truth

“ truth to politeness, it does not forbid us to be
“ silent, rather than give offence.”

I assured him I was growing fond of truth, and that he spoke it in the most engaging manner possible.

“ Suppose then I should ask thee what right
“ thou hast to be distinguished from thy fellow-
“ citizens? If thy great grandfather served the
“ state, his cotemporaries revered him, and
“ posterity remembers him with gratitude.
“ But what is that to thee?”

“ My great grandfather’s honours may spur
“ me on to emulate him.”

“ I do not deny this to be a possible effect,
“ but experience convinces me it is a rare one.
“ Hereditary honours seem in general to have
“ a contrary effect. When thou hadst de-
“ served a distinction would have been the pro-
“ per time to have given it thee. What thou
“ hast already, it is not likely, thou wilt take
“ great pains to seek. Thou wilt not deny,
“ speaking generally, for there are always ex-
“ ceptions, thy order to be an order of—of—
“ *fainéants*; that I think is the term in thy
“ language.”

“ Why, it must be confessed we are not al-
“ ways employed, as Pythagoras, or Lycurgus,
“ would have directed.”

“ Our

“ Our poor Richard says, “ he that does
“ nothing to day, will probably do evil to mor-
“ row.” I suppose it is to prevent this con-
“ sequence, thy order is so assiduous in making
“ love ?

“ Love! the cordial draught that sweetens all
“ our cares! if love be forbidden on this holy
“ ground, the ground is all your own. No
“ Frenchman will contest an acre.”

“ Love is here the health, in thy country it
“ seems to be the sickness, of the mind. Our
“ guide is nature, and the laws of society.
“ Yours, fashion and sentiment. The first
“ the eldest daughter of Pride and Folly. I
“ scarce know the other's parentage, but I be-
“ lieve Imagination begot her upon sensibility,
“ when both were overtaken by wine.”

“ Our system of love therefore has conse-
“ quences, which, as thou art a man of gallan-
“ try by birth, cannot be to thy taste. Our
“ men are fonder of their own wives, than
“ of the wives of their neighbours; our women
“ return the compliment; and there is hardly
“ a cuckold in twenty parishes.”

The horrid barbarians! *Monsieur le Comte*.
But they have called us in to assist them, and,
though we are not engaged to it by treaty, it
would be kindness to endeavour to civilize them
also.

also. Imbued with this benevolent propensity, I returned to Philadelphia, where I attached myself to the lady of a Congress General, a very accomplished woman, possessed of vivacity, which is not very uncommon, and also of wit, which is,

To this lady I made love, sentimentally, according to the rules established at Paris, and she had the goodness to ridicule me with infinite spirit. In proportion as my ardour increased, her wit declined, and she took an air of reserve. Nothing could go on more according to the rules. At length she assured me I was absolutely odious to her. This I took to be decisive in my favor; at Paris, with all the preceding circumstances, it would have been a declaration of love. Accordingly I took the first opportunity of bringing the affair to a conclusion. It is probable I went about the *finale* with too much military ardour. A delicate carnation spread itself over the lady's face; with a rapid motion she applied the palm of her lovely right hand to my cheek, and immediately left the room. The sensation communicated by this lively exertion was altogether peculiar. I chanced to cast my eyes upon the glass, and saw a foolish face in it, which I had never seen before. For fear of further metamorphosis, I
made

made a retreat to my lodgings, where I amused myself with reflecting upon the extraordinaries of the new world. In half an hour I received a billet. It is the *Amende honorable*, says I, the lady sees her error. The contents were these.

“SIR!

“YOU have conquered. I
“confess myself your prisoner. So long as
“you remain in Philadelphia, I am confined
“at home; my doors guarded; for never will
“I again expose myself to a repetition of the
“insult I have received this day. I might
“make it cost you dear; but I remit your pu-
“nishment in consideration of your youth—
“and vanity.

M. M.”

Monsieur le Comte, lament with me the barbarous effects of a confined system of education, and thank heaven you are born in a christian country, where, though we have not the love of liberty these ultra-Atlantics boast, we have the liberty of love, which to a Frenchman is all the liberty worth a *Louis d'or*.

There is however a sort of imbecility in my nature, which sinks me sometimes into a suspicion, that these liberal opinions are not the best calculated for the harmony domestic,
which

which may be as valuable to some people as the harmony undomestic; that is to say, the harmony of arrangements; and that in the eyes of sober people, thy friend St. Clair may be a coxcomb of magnitude.

This uncomplacent idea intruded on the present occasion, and I was silly enough to write a penitential letter, and leave the prettiest town in the new world early the next morning.

I leave thee to thy reflections *sur mes malheurs*. Mine are not extremely enviable.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

Amphitrite at Sea.

MY dear Count, did you ever see a storm at sea?—But why do I ask the question, when I know there are several in your Mother's saloon, raised I think by that fine genius *pour l'horreur* S. R. S. A. P. I wished a thousand times he had been in my place two weeks since. For as I am no painter, it was very little amusing to me to see the elements mingled together, and Chaos come again. Doubtless it
was

was a grand preparation for a funeral, to have all the demons of the air, with lighted pines, I suppose, torn up by the roots by Lapland witches, dashing the ocean about to see which could raise the largest heap; but I know not how, just at that time I had no inclination for sepulchral honours, though I may live to be buried by a few glimmering tapers, and the whispers of church bells.—A pitiful falling off indeed!

We had not been more than eleven hours in this wild disorder, when the Captain of the vessel summoned us into the great cabin, and informed us that if any of us had accounts to make up with heaven, it would be best to set about it without delay; for every thing, says he, has been tried to save the vessel, but prayer. The water gains in the hold beyond the power of the pumps; the carpenters cannot find the principal leaks, and we must go down in two hours.

A few common sailors had crept in among us, one of whom clapt a double quid into his jaw, pulled up his trowsers, and said, "if that be the case, noble Captain, give the word; let us break up in good time, and save the rum."

Amington

Amington saw the imminent instant; and setting his back to the cabin door, made a most excellent speech for a dying man, of which I remember nothing but the purport, which was to live as long as we are able. "Let us," says he, "make one other effort.—Marquis, "the pumps shall be under your direction—" "The carpenters under mine—Lieutenant "Willincourt shall have the care of throwing "the great guns over-board—And you, Captain, be so good as to keep the men in order, "and direct them all to their stations." Then turning to the common sailors, "And would "it not be better my friends, to spend the last "moments of our life, if they must be the last, "in supplication to God for mercy and compassion?"

Captain Amington's advice was agreed to, and every man directed to his post; the sailor muttering to one of his companions,—"Damn "the parsons, Peter, they be always for having "a man go down cold."

Myself, and the men allotted me, kept working at the pumps with all our strength for the succeeding half hour; Amington kept splashing in the hold with the carpenters, whilst above, all was crash and confusion. At length the Captain himself came down, and told us, he could
not

not keep the men ten minutes longer to their duty, and the moment they touched the rum casks, all was lost! Amington instantly cried out, "We have found the principal leak,—inform "them of this, Captain;—we only ask another "half hour." This was a deception at the instant, but in ten minutes it became truth, and saved us all. A plank had started.—That being replaced, the pumps cleared the hold, the lesser leaks were stopped, and we began to entertain hopes founded on reason. The fury of the storm abated; but the weather continued cloudy many days, and we were driven, we knew not whither, at the mercy of a strong wind from the South West.

The conversation in the cabin turned now into the conjecture of where-abouts we could be, and we were all ready to have turned Guebres. could we have seen the sun, the God of our idolatry. It was the moon who first condescended to gratify us, and the information she gave us, was, that we were in some very high latitude, and absolutely East of the meridian of London. Impossible! The watches are all wrong—or we have misreckoned the days—or—or. We next asked the opinion of one of Jupiter's satellites, who told us East—six degrees. Absurd! At length rose the Sun, and kept his course almost skirting the horizon. It was

was at our option to give him credit or not, and we watched him to his meridian altitude before we durst trust him. Would you believe it, *Monsieur le Comte*, we were got thrust almost under the Arctic circle, and had travelled so far round about for no other purpose that we know of, but to see the white bears. In short, having refitted our compass and sails as well as we were able, we made for the coast of Norway, and happily arrived at Drontheim, the 24th of April, N. S.

It is impossible to describe the beauties of this charming port. The houses indeed are poor, the streets narrow and dirty, the inhabitants dirty and narrow, the men just not bears, the women just warmer than their own ice; all these things are nothing; nothing to salvation; and Drontheim was every thing.

Whilst our vessel was refitting, I undertook to search Norway from top to bottom; but before I edify you with the natural history of it, let us just take a trip back to America, in order to rectify a small mistake you may possibly have fallen into *sur mon sujet*.

I doubt not but you have published it in the circles, if at Paris, and in the taverns, if at Dijon, that *Monsieur le pauvre Marquis de St. Clair*, has met with nothing in America, but
mis-

misfortunes; with kicks from Mars, and cuffs from Venus. Apparently, this pair of Olympians did not concert their mode of treating me together; the God carested me before he knocked me down; the Goddess cuffed before she carested; and is not that her usual way in the old world?

You may remember I told you that when my eyes first opened within the English lines, they opened upon a female, whose dress and demeanor spoke one language, and her eyes another. I took very little notice however of the latter, because a very precise air, and very puritannical language, indicated chastity untainted. And *entre nous*, *Monsieur le Comte*, notwithstanding my rattle, whenever I have good reason to believe it so, so it shall remain for any seduction of mine. Seduction of innocence, I never did think a very honourable business, and accordingly I made it a rule never to sentiment it with girls just come out of convents, or with the Laurettas of the country. For the rest of the ladies of France, accident indeed may keep them chaste, but *le bel usage, et le bon ton*, will not long keep them innocent.

No, it was the tumult of war that hurried Mrs. Elwell and I, *en une petite connoissance d'amour*, without the knowledge either of our heads

heads or hearts. A fine afternoon had drawn Mr. Elwell, and all his man-servants and his maid-servants into a distant field; at the same time, an American party took it into their heads to attack an English out-post. The firing was audible, and drove the pretty terrified Mrs. Elwell into my apartment, where she plumped upon her knees, and began in a prodigious hurry to ask pardon of Heaven for her manifold offences.

When the firing ceased a little, she rose to ask my pardon for her boldness, but she was so terrified, she did not know what she did. "I believe," says I, "you did not know what you said to Heaven just now neither, for what manifold offences can you have committed?" "Lord have mercy upon us," says she, "we are all sinful creatures, and without Heaven's infinite mercy ——"

Another volley cut in two this pious effusion. Down she dropt again to renew her petition. I advised her to lie down upon the bed, and wrap herself up about the ears. She thanked me for my goodness, and took my advice. Presently the firing ceased altogether, the Americans having failed in their attack. I told her this, but the trembling creature was unable to rise. "I find myself a little faint too," says I, "I hope
" you

“you will give me leave to lie down by you.
 “Lord have mercy upon me!” says she.
 “Amen,” says I, and took my place. She
 hoped I had no ill intentions, for she was so ter-
 rified she could not resist me, do what I would.
 After this you know it would have been barba-
 rous to have used her ill; accordingly she did not
 complain of my behaviour in the least.

All the time after, while I remained her guest,
 no creature could be kinder; nay, she would seek
 little occasions of obliging when they did not of-
 fer of themselves. It is true, her conversation
 was not of the most inviting, and sometimes
 she would let slip a coarsish expression; but she
 had fine eyes and a velvet skin, so that one might
 excuse some little infirmities.

It happened one day, that she was seized with
 an extraordinary fit of animation, and with an
 embrace that made me half afraid of the fate of
 Antæus, “B--st my eyes, Marquis,” says she,
 “but you are a sweet fellow; how unlike
 “Amington!—that lump of clay!”

Never before, did I return *l'embrassade ardente*
 so unfeelingly. I got away as soon, or sooner
 than the fitness of things allowed, in haste to phi-
 losophize on the sedative power of that, “B--st
 my eyes!” I was a tolerable English scholar at
 Paris;

Paris; Amington shewed me its more intrinsic beauties, and the English camp improved me in its colloquial familiarities; so that I felt the whole force and energy of this spirited ejaculation.

My happiness with Mrs. Elwell I had never imparted to Amington, merely because I perceived he had no taste for these communications; but I could no longer forbear. The Captain laughed at my astonishment immoderately, and told me, a little history of the lady would probably abate my admiration. He was fortunate enough to be able to give me this satisfaction; Mrs. Elwell, in her virgin state, having been well known to his servant.

“ She was born in the metropolis of Old
 “ England, of very honest parents, no doubt,
 “ who brought her up in the fear of God, but
 “ probably, not of man. She fell from grace,
 “ into the arms of Lord L—, and afterwards of
 “ Lord S—, and Lord P—. Thence she descended
 “ amongst the Commons, and having
 “ reached the age of twenty-one, which we
 “ English call the age of heirship, of freedom
 “ and discretion, and gone through the complicated
 “ business of a *fille de joie*, with all its
 “ transitions, from King’s-Place to humble Drury

“ry, she ended this brilliant career by certain
 “ manual operations of memorable dexterity.
 “ There are in England a dozen of grave peo-
 “ ple, enemies to slight of hand. One of
 “ these, a cross old gentleman, ordered her
 “ across the Atlantic.”

“ After some little varieties, chance brought
 “ her to this house, where she was employed
 “ as a servant-maid. Honest Elwell, you know,
 “ is a staunch Presbyterian, and an industrious
 “ farmer ; six days of the week he does all that
 “ he has to do, and on the seventh he rides nine
 “ miles to meeting, and spells the new testa-
 “ ment—the remainder of the day with great
 “ devotion. Mrs. Mary, who can suit herself
 “ to any thing, worked with great spirit, and
 “ having been a disciple of Mr. Whitfield, was
 “ very capable of assisting her master in his
 “ operations of grace. Once, the devil over-
 “ powered the saint ; Elwell yielded to the
 “ frailty of nature, and tempted Mary to yield
 “ also ; but Mary turned up the whites of her
 “ eyes with such holy fervour, and spit out her
 “ abomination of fornication so zealously, that
 “ Elwell thought her a miracle of chastity, and
 “ married her as soon as possible. Before she
 “ saw you, Marquis, she did me the honour of
 some

“ some *doux yeux*, but as my servant Tom had
 “ informed me of her history, I found strength
 “ to resist the temptation. I recommended it
 “ to Tom to do the like; and above all, to take
 “ care not to make mischief, by telling any one
 “ that he knew her in England. Tom pro-
 “ mised the latter, but as to the former their
 “ recognition of each other had been so rap-
 “ turous, that————— in all
 “ probability Tom has not so delicate a texture
 “ of mind and stomach, as you, Marquis; and
 “ can bear the lady’s ebullitions with less of-
 “ fence. He is a little dangerous too, for he
 “ is a freeman of Old England, hates the French
 “ nationally, and is much addicted to boxing.”

“ *Parbleu,*” says I, “ if this be the case,
 “ *il faut que mon amour pour passer le tems, cede*
 “ *à mon amour propre. Adieu donc, Madame*
 “ *Elwell, Je vous laisse de tout mon cœur au dia-*
 “ *ble.*”

This happened near the time when Aming-
 ton was to return to England, whither I deter-
 mined to accompany him, although exchanged;
 and this resolution would have procured me the
 finest opportunity in the world, of edifying *Mon-*
sieur le Comte de St. Flor, (a thing my heart is
 set upon) by a relation of the natural history of

Norway, but that Monsieur Pontoppidan has anticipated me; and moreover we are just parting with a vessel that touches at Ostend, by which I chuse to send off these my dispatches.

Adieu,

ST. CLAUDE.

P. S. Direct to me at Sir John Amington's, Welbourn, Herefordshire, Angleterre.

Captain AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Welbourn.

TRUE, my dear Osborne; it is the ordinary course of nature that children should survive their parents; and if I had only a common Father to lament, I might assume my title and estate, gratify my own vanity by giving his remains to the grave, with all the pomp of funeral pride; and give my sorrow to the winds, as many an eldest son has done before me. But in this Father, I lose my respected tutor; an easy and familiar friend; the man who led, and spoke me into virtue. You know him, Osborne. Often have you admired that easy wit with which he ridiculed, and that placid temper with

with which he reasoned us out of our youthful follies.

He lost my mother early, and with her, all relish for public, and, what is called, social life. He retired to this place, and spent his time in acts of benevolence, and superintending the education of my sister and myself. His relations called it folly. My aunt, Lady Jervaise, in particular, never ceased her clamour, till she had got my sister from him. Unfortunate hour! To the last moment of my life shall I regret it! It robbed my sister of her native sweet simplicity, and me, of my Osborne for a brother.

In regard to myself he remained unshaken. In vain they represented that the talents he would give me were of no estimation in the world. "I have lived," replies my father "to see my country overstocked with talents, and, taking the word in its most extensive sense, impoverished in virtue. Amongst the crouds, hourly rushing in to serve the state, my son cannot be missed; but he may give, in private life, an example, a much wanted example, of temperance in pleasures; of kindness to afflicted merit; of general benevolence. Let me be able to give him these habitudes, I give him happiness, I give my country its best citizen."

Thus I lived, occupied by the sciences till the age of nineteen, at which time my Father thought I ought to make myself acquainted with the arts, those in particular which make a country flourish. We spent two years in visiting our native island, inspecting its manufactures, its agriculture, its provincial and local differences. In the metropolis, I imbibed unhappily the zeal of patriotism; I longed for action, and burnt to signalize myself against those *ungrateful paricides*, such was the language of the set with which I mixed, then tearing their mother's bowels.

No subject at my father's table was so little spoken of, as this; because there was none he so much disliked. I scarce knew his sentiments, but I knew they would be moderate, and mine were become far otherwise. I made the request therefore of serving in America through the medium of friends. After a gentle dissuasive, my father granted it with a sigh, on the single condition that I accepted no commission, and served a volunteer, unpaid. I repented soon, but I had the laws of honour to combat, and they conquered. I fought, even after I reprobated the cause I fought for.

This was the only time I had occasion to stipulate conditions with my father, once excepted,
about

about an affair almost as silly as the American war. I danced at Hereford assembly with a young lady of that place, eighteen like myself, and fell into that sickness of the mind, commonly called love. I returned home, sighed often, eat little, slept less, and began to grow pale. My father perceived it and enquired the cause. As I had not learned to lie, and he happening to be a skilful disquisitor, he soon discovered the truth.

“ You are too young to marry, Jack, says my father, “ but not too young to engage yourself for some future day, to a lady of merit. “ Go, and visit your mistress ; but visit her on “ the footing of an acquaintance only, till you “ know her well. I rely on your prudence. “ Remember only, if you run headlong into “ marriage, or into an engagement for marriage “ without my consent, you will excite my contempt ; if you seduce the young lady, my detestation.”

Now it happened, the thing of greatest danger was the lady's seducing me ; for when she saw, or thought she saw, I was the fool of honour, she did all that decently could be done to draw me into a foretaste of the joys of wedlock ; but I had the fear of God and my father before

my eyes, and it came to pass with me, as, to the great regret of the apothecary, it has to many a patient—I was cured by the bare apprehension of the medicine.

This father so beloved, has just forced me from his bed of sickness, to take repose. I cannot taste it. I employ the hour in converse with the friend, the only friend on whom I can rely for consolation, when I have lost, as too soon I shall, the author of my being. My sister, Lady Bembridge is here, touched, truly touched, I hope, with filial piety. On her account, I ask not now your presence. I respect your peace. Here also is the amiable Marquis de St. Clair, almost another Osborne, but whose gay and sportive humour is ill adapted———

—————My father sends for me—
Adieu.

* * * * *

Osborne! this father is no more! Supported in the arms of his beloved children—he blessed us—smiled—and died.

Farewell.

JOHN AMINGTON.

The

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

Welbourn.

MAN, say the naturalists, is an animal that can accommodate himself to every extremity; can freeze under the pole, (if he could get at it) or broil under the equator; can wing the Em-pyrean with Milton; or wallow in the mud with David's sow.

I am a man, and to the humours of every species of this fantastic creature, amongst whom chance has thrown me, have I accommodated myself. At Paris, I laughed and made love in the circles; got drunk with the *Mousquetaires*; dressed with the *Petits Maitres*, and sung and danced with any body. In the midst of the Atlantic I mounted the high top-mast, swore a round, and came down again. In America, I fought; and in England I have grieved.

Monsieur le Comte, you are a scholar and must have heard of the word sympathy; but you are a Frenchman, and cannot be expected to know more of the matter than a plain definition would give. I make myself sure therefore

that you will circulate the laugh at my expence, when I tell you that I have grieved for another's sorrow, and for a cause that, having the honour to be, as I observed before, a Frenchman, cannot fail to excite your mirth.

Amington, by a very common and natural event, merely the death of a father, has succeeded to a title, and an overgrown estate. Doubtless it was decent to wear black upon the occasion. We do the same in France. But to wear it at the heart! Was that necessary, my dear Count? You will never comprehend this phenomenon, unless I trace out its causes, the principal of which was a preposterous education.

Nature has indeed been kind enough to my friend; she has given him a handsome person, and, as far as can be known without dissection, and perhaps with it, an excellent organization. But the peculiarity of his father, turned these advantages from their ordinary destination. Instead of permitting him at the usual age to enter the world, captivate ladies, fight duels, set the table on a roar, or graceful shake the dice; he tied him down to odious shades, and still more odious society. To his son's irremediable misfortune, old Sir John happened to be
a scholar;

a scholar; and as his acquaintance lay much amongst the ancients, these ridiculous people had impressed him with a notion about Virtue's being the supreme good; a lesson, whose total inutility, the modern preceptor feels and allows. Sir John, however, was fascinated by it, and as one deviation from rectitude generally induces another, he considered science as the second object of a gentleman, and any science rather than the science of the *ton*. Led on by this complication of error, no one will be surprised that he listened to the ridiculous ideas of Mr. Locke, whom the illustrious Dean of Glocester has so ably proved to be one of the silliest men alive, and preferred a private to a public education.

It is true indeed, that when, according to the old gentleman's notion, his son's education was finished, the necessity of making him something acquainted with the ways of his species, could not be overlooked. But error is infinite; instead of travelling him to Paris to learn the arts that *adorn* society, he travelled him all over his own foggy island, to observe the arts that *improved* it, and having given him a glimpse of the *beau monde* by twilight, he thought he had performed the part of a good father, to admiration.

The consequence of all this, is, that the present Sir John, *malgré* all the gifts of nature and fortune, will never be a fine gentleman, as long as he lives.

Can there be a greater proof of it than this deep uneasiness, for such a cause?

My dear Count, I strive to be myself again, but strive in vain. My words and sentences lose their *cliquant*. Grave things that look like wisdom, shew themselves at the end of my pen, and but for the greatest vigilance would fasten upon this spotless sheet. To avoid this source of everlasting ridicule, I take the liberty of bidding you adieu—till better times.

ST. CLAIR.

The

The Marquis de St. CLAU, to the
Count de St. FLOS.

AT length you are got to Paris, Monsieur St. Flos. *Tant pis*. It is necessary I redouble my preceptoral cares, and endeavour to throw into your head as much understanding as your *Friseur* draws out of it. For you must know, that having, from abhorrence of *Ennui*, commenced Electrician lately, I have discovered that wit and knowledge and judgment, and their *et cæteras*, are only different modifications of the electrical fluid; a lady-like material, ever restless, and extremely apt to quit its *domicile* of brains, and fly off upon any jags and ends of shining metal, such as the spangles of a coat, diamond buckles, solitaires, and emerald sprigs. A head *bien poudrée, bien entortillée*, is a charming conductor also, as you, my dear Count, may prove any day, on the departure of your hair-dresser, by a simple application to your pocket mirror. Feel you not a happy self complacency, an agreeable exultation? Take my word for it, it is nothing else but the flying off of that modification

cation of the electric fluid, called good sense. Oh, could you but take a peep into the insides of the heads of the best drest *beaux* and *belles* in Paris, how empty you would find them! This being premised, I proceed to instruct you, biographically.

Lord Bembridge, having done the late Sir John the honour to marry his only daughter, a visit of condolence was absolutely indispensable. He stayed four days, and was driven by Amington's pensive taste, into a greater intimacy with me than that time usually produces. This noble Lord is extremely fertile in expedients *pour passer le tems*, amongst which, running maggots, or drawing straws for a cool hundred, are none of the least amusing. When he found that I also, as well as Amington, declined these sensible amusements, he announced his departure for the morrow, swearing to me, in confidence, that two days more of philosophy would BORE him to the devil. He has, it seems, a variety of engagements at Newmarket, and several thousand pounds depending upon Potoooooooo.

“And what, pray, is Newmarket and Potoooooooo?”

I expected the question. This, as my Lord Bembridge has it, is the great Bore of preceptors.

tors. Obligated eternally to stop the full career of their own grand conceptions, and descend to definition, for the sake of their ignorant pupils.

Newmarket, Sir, is the great English plain for horse-races, that bastard slip of the Olympic games, where senators lay their dignity aside, and even condescend to put off the gentleman, (in case they had it on) and take the language, the sentiment, and insignia of Jockeys. And Potoooooooo is a horse, the hero of the plains.

He was urgent with Sir John, to leave this mansion of silence, as he is pleased to call it, and accompany him to this said Newmarket, promising to be his instructor, and to initiate him *gratis* into the mysteries of these plains, though the settled price of the initiation is from ten to fifty thousand pounds, according to the circumstances of the novice.

Lady Bembridge on the contrary, intreats her brother to leave his gloomy speculations on inanimate nature, and attend her to Southampton, Brighthelmstone, or Margate, where the most charming of nature's works, display every summer, their animated beauties.

My friend Amington, I perceive, silently despises his noble brother in law, who indeed, take him from the turf and the ton, has as limited a
range

range of ideas as the great Potooooooooo himself; but Lady Bembridge, with the misfortune of having imbibed too strong a taste for fashionable life, has wit to defend it, and sometimes is ingenuous enough to own it cannot be defended; a dispute therefore with her, has all the *agrémens* of conversation.

“Animated beauties!” answers Sir John;
 “would you have me go *en philosophe*, Lady
 “Bembridge, and inspect these beauties with a
 “microscope?”

“Have philosophers, brother, no eyes but
 “scientific ones?”

“I doubt indeed, they do not present these
 “pretty objects in the most agreeable light,
 “but probably in the safest.”

“I cannot conceive, Sir John, what use a
 “young man can put such a stock of wisdom
 “to?”

“To keep his head cool, his hands clean,
 “and his heart temperate.”

“To clean hands I have no objection, and
 “cool heads might do well—at court; but tem-
 “perate hearts! what on earth can a lady do
 “with them?”

“Warm them, would she but use celestial
 “fire.”

“I warmed

"I warmed you with celestial fire, my Lord Bembridge, did I not? You called me an angel a thousand times."

Lord Bembridge answered humourously enough, by singing part of a song.

"How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels? I spoke it in joke."

"Oh your servant, my Lord. And where then is this same fire to be had, my profound brother?"

"Not at the Pantheon I fear; nor in any place, save where meek-eyed contemplation can be the bosom intimate?"

"A cold companion, brother. And what, of all good things would you have a lady con-tem-plate?"

"Of all good things, Herself."

"There cannot be a precept more engaging. Every mirror invites it."

"If mirrors would reflect minds as well as bodies, their utility would be admirable."

"Well, that is charmingly said now, and would make a fine text for the pulpit. If any body would undertake to write your history, brother, I warrant it would be that of another Sir Charles Grandison."

"No, sister; I shall not make you blush so deep."

"Thank

“ Thank you, Sir John; you are really great
“ in a compliment.”

“ Then I have missed my mark, dear Lady
“ Bembridge, I aimed at truth.”

“ I had the strangest dream last night, brother ;
“ I thought I saw you mounted upon a stage in
“ Moorfield, dressed in a black gown and a flat
“ three cornered cap, selling prophecies and
“ apothegms a penny a piece.”

“ I could not have chose less saleable commo-
“ dities. My dream was of a different kind.”

“ The dream of a philosopher, no doubt ;
“ dear brother, let us hear it.”

“ The eye of a dreamer, you know, com-
“ prehends all times, all spaces, all numbers ;
“ and mingles together all incongruous things.
“ I was got into a reign where tilts and tourna-
“ ments were blended with modern manners.
“ The monarch had proclaimed a running at
“ the ring—the RING OF PLEASURE. The
“ plain was large, and the concourse innumerable.
“ The ring was supported in the air by invisible,
“ spirits, who often snatched it from the touch,
“ even of the most skilful runners. These aerial
“ beings also fixed at the end of the lance at
“ the instant of its passing the ring, a billet sealed ;
“ and this was to be carried to a set of superna-
“ tural

“ tural beings of another order, appointed to
 “ bestow the reward ordered in the billet. Every
 “ horse carried his own name in Latin, French
 “ or English capitals, upon his forehead ; but
 “ the number of names bore no proportion to
 “ that of the horses, thousands sometimes having
 “ a common name.”

“ For the greater honour of the day, the monarch,
 “ mounted on a fiery steed called REG-
 “ NUM, his nostrils breathing flame, took the
 “ first tilt. The ungovernable beast carried him
 “ wide of the ring. The billet however was
 “ fixed, and had within it, A CROWN OF
 “ THORNS. Vexed to be so foiled, he mount-
 “ ed on another horse who bore the name of
 “ CONJUGIUM, and hit the ring in the centre.
 “ The air resounded with acclamations ; his bil-
 “ let imported, *Vera voluptas*.”

“ The next who ran was a minister of state
 “ in a *cordon bleu*, and mounted on a foaming
 “ steed called POTENTIA. He also missed the
 “ ring, and in his billet were found—An AXE,
 “ or a BARONY, at the king’s pleasure. The
 “ monarch gave him the latter.”

“ It would be tedious to dwell on particulars.
 “ Numbers rode upon horses on whose fore-
 “ heads

“ heads were stamped, *L'Orgueil*, who received
 “ for their reward—MORTIFICATION.”

“ Some rode the creeping *Avaritiæ*; not a
 “ man touched the ring; all were billeted upon
 “ —CARE.”

“ Others after the monarch's example, took
 “ the CONJUGIA; very few had his reward.
 “ The billets spoke generally, RAPTURE FOR
 “ A MONTH—REPENTANCE FOR LIFE.

“ Those who rode the *Concubinæ*, obtained,
 “ EARLY IMBECILITY; PREMATURE OLD
 “ AGE.”

“ The riders of the *Tabernæ*, got the gout.”

“ But the most active and determined run-
 “ ners at the ring of pleasure, were the ladies;
 “ far the greater number of whom, rode a
 “ breed of palfreys known by the name of
 “ FRIVOLITATES. The dear creatures were
 “ upon the spur, for ever and for ever. The
 “ most uniform reward for a great number of the
 “ first runnings was--DISAPPOINTMENT. This
 “ had no effect but to make them eager to mount
 “ again. By and by, they had *languor* and
 “ *pallor* in reward of their perseverance, and
 “ seldom were they known to stop till fixed by
 “ *Rheuma*. The *chartæ pictæ*, a gentle am-
 “ bling race, were also great favourites of the
 “ ladies.

“ ladies. / But as ladies infuse animation into
 “ whatsoever they undertake, they often con-
 “ trived to ride these harmless creatures with
 “ such ani-mo—that is to say, with such spirit,
 “ that the aerial beings, ever watchful to pre-
 “ serve the tempers of the fair, gave them, by
 “ way of cure, RAGE, ENVY, MALICE, and
 “ all UNCHARITABLENESS. If in spite of
 “ these sensations the young and beautiful of
 “ the sex still persevered, they often consigned
 “ them to everlasting fame, by DISHONOUR.

“ It was impossible to see so many thousands
 “ running at the ring of pleasure, without a
 “ wish to do like the rest. I mounted a very
 “ rare horse, called PRO PATRIA, and ran
 “ with fury. In my career I ran against the
 “ Marquis de St. Clair, and that instant touch-
 “ ed the ring; from whence I was repelled as
 “ it were by an electrical shock, thrown to a
 “ vast distance, and without opening my billet,
 “ found myself consigned to HORROR, the
 “ strong sensation of which awoke me.”

“ For an *impromptu*, this pretty dream of
 “ yours may pass muster, and the ladies are
 “ much obliged to you for it,” says Lady Bem-
 “ bridge, smiling, “ but I question much, although
 “ you should publish it for their benefit in the
 “ magazines,

“magazines, whether you will stop one tilt at the ring in either sex.”

“Upon my honour, Lady Bembridge,” replies Sir John, “I really believe it.”

“However, I ought to thank you, Sir John, for the trouble you have taken for my reformation; and if I could be persuaded to give up the pleasure of this life, I dare say you would regale me with the dream of another.”

“Dream of another!” replies Sir John. “Really, sister, you have made an astonishing proficiency in the philosophy of Epicurus, for so short a time. My Lord I give you joy.”

“Well, but really and truly, brother, do you believe——

“Really and truly,” replies Sir John, “I do believe—that it is a silly thing to dispute about religion with pretty infidels. And even if it was an inviting subject, I have letters to write, which will not now permit me the pleasure of it. Adieu, *au revoir*.”

I have given you, *Monsieur le Comte*; the above specimen, not by way of extolling the English Symposiachs, for in vivacity, and Attic salt our *petits soupers* beat them hollow; but
to

to give you rather a taste of character, and manner of thinking, especially of my friend Amington, who wants nothing but a portion of the rattling thoughtlessness of the Marquis de St. Clair, to be as agreeable to the ladies, as to the men of sense and science to whom he is known. Visited by these, and these only, since the departure of Lady Bembridge, we have lived twelve months, improving in science, improving in benevolence; for in relieving distress with delicacy, and making all the inhabitants of his estate happy, Sir John is great indeed. Shall I confess to you, St. Flos, that I am tired notwithstanding; and if I was condemned to be a Faquir, I would sooner stick my backside as full of nails as the shoe of an English ploughman, and run about for the women to kiss it, than sit still for twenty years, feasted with all the delicacies of Indostan. I have therefore prevailed upon Sir John to take a tour with me, through the principality of Wales to Ireland, where indeed he has a tolerable estate; and if I can hit upon the exact spot, where *sa Majesté le Roi de France et de Navarre* can land forty thousand men, and operate the conquest of the island, without danger to their persons, I will infallibly point it out. For the present adieu,

St. CLAIR.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

Killarney, Ireland.

ABOUT forty miles north of the mouth of the Shannon, there is a sort of bending of the ground that forms a little bay, where a hundred or two of flat-bottomed boats may be in great security. All the adjoining land for a mile or two inwards is soft bog five feet deep, so that the forty thousand I had the honour to mention in my last, may wade up to the chin to dry ground in great safety, if the boys can be hindered from throwing stones, which they are apt to do at innocent frogs in a marsh, and such they will take our forty thousand heads to be, provided these gallant troops will think themselves at a levee, and carry their hats under their arms. Now I think better of it, there will not be the least reason to fear Man, Woman, or Child, for there is no such animal in all these parts.

Some years since, a celebrated countryman of ours, invented a powder, one spoonful of which

twice

twice a day, would support a man in full vigour of mind and body. Let every man fill his pocket with this ; after which the army will have nothing to do, but march on, till they meet eighty thousand raw-boned fellows, called volunteers ; whom they are to take, kill, and destroy, how they can, and the Island is their own.

I, for my part, ask nothing for the projection, save half a million of new Louis d'ors, with this inscription on the exergue, *Francia, Navarra, et Hibernia Rex.*—On the other side *Dei gratia, et Sancti Clauri* ; for to souls like mine, to serve one's country, is in itself the greatest of all rewards.

It is a difficult thing, *Monsieur le Comte*, to descend from these sublime conceptions to works and words of every day ; pass we therefore to the lakes of Killarney in hopes of some odd adventure, that will bring us down by degrees.

The environs of these celebrated lakes, are indeed very beautiful, and very picturesque, and very sublime, and very tremendous, and very every thing that wood and water, and hills and vales, and rocks and mountains, disposed in a vast variety of combinations, should, would, could, or ought to be.

We might have said, or by thick underwood. If

If I could sit quietly down, and give you a decasyllabic description, with a proper quantity of the astonishing, the terrific, the umbrageous, the pellucid; I doubt not it would lull your soul to rest, every bit as well as Lydian measures; but I cannot sit quietly down, for I have got a new tribe of sensations, which neither Mr. Locke, nor Father Malbranche have described, so as to give a clear conception thereof without a little experience. Did you ever hear of pain that almost pleases, and pleasure that almost pains?

A few days since, Sir John Amington and I, strolled out in the afternoon from a neighbouring inn, unattended, to review a charming spot that had pleased us the morning before. It was a transparent lake inclosed on three sides by rocks that gave us a holy horror to look at them. The fourth was a fine swell of habitable ground, elegantly planted, with a neat brick house at the distance of four hundred yards from the lake. Next the water, was a narrow lawn of beautiful verdure, which seemed formed for love and contemplation. Into this delightful recess there appeared to be but one entrance, that from the house, all other approach being denied by water, rocks, or by thick underwood. We might have
been

been admitted without doubt, durst we have run the dangerous hazard of Irish hospitality, but this was too much to dare. We sat ourselves down therefore on the point of a low rock overhanging the water, within a few yards of a corner of the lawn, where a pretty rural seat was placed under a spreading elm, around the trunk of which some fair hand seemed to have directed the luxuriant woodbine.

A few minutes brought this fair deity of the lawn into our view. She moved along, slow and pensive; a very pretty face seemed overspread with a paleness not its own. Without perceiving us, she threw herself upon the seat, and gave vent to many audible sighs. Presently, she took out of her pocket a letter, and began to read. We were near enough to see, or think we saw, the tears roll down her beautiful cheeks; often she clasped her hands together, and lifted up her beseeching eye to heaven. We viewed the mournful scene in pitying silence.

From this state of mind, which became almost agonizing, the lady was roused by two spaniels, who came running and lay down at her feet. She started up in haste and walked away, but was stopped by a jolly figure of a young
 VOL. I. D fellow,

fellow, dressed in the hunting stile, and something overtaken with strong beer. The English, my dear Count, have two words in their language, which I cannot render into French, *Grim* and *Grum*, both applicable to the human aspect, and differing only by a few shades from each other. Think of Pluto the grim monarch of hell; and think of Charon, the surly soul-heaver, and you may form an idea of the gentleman who now approached the lady, and accosted her with a—"Well Cousin, you be got into the
"solitaries again, be you? But d--n me, so
"much the better, its the thing for love. What
"say you to a green gown now cousin, hah?" endeavouring to lay his rude paws upon her.

"Wretch! Monster! Brute!" replies the lady, "Let me alone. I will go."

"Damn'd fine names, Cousin Relly, for a
"man that's come to court you. Come, sit
"down;" pulling her on the seat, "sit down
"now, and be good humoured a bit. What
"signifies all this frumpishness? Thee must
"have me at last, cousin Relly, or I have lost
"a groat."

"Have you! Monster! No, I prefer death
"a thousand times. Is there a vice in human
"nature, of which thy detestable soul is not
"capable?"

“capable? Think of the day of judgment,
 “wretch, and tremble.—Think of innocent
 “blood!”—

“Damn her blood, and yours, and all, if you
 “go to that. But she’ll swing, I tell you.
 “Damned fine tongue to be sure,—but won’t
 “do with judge and jury.”

“Base, base wretch;” replies the lady; it is
 “infamy to talk to you. Let me go,—I will go.”

“Damn me if you shall yet, Miss Relly.
 “What are all these fine airs about as if I was
 “not good enough for you? And where’s your
 “fortune, Madam? And do you know what
 “a friend I’ve been to your father, though he’s
 “no kin at all to me, only marrying my aunt?”

“Yes, fordid wretch!” replies the lady; and
 “I know also the base use you make of my
 “father’s being your debtor. It is to you I
 “owe the being now a prisoner in my father’s
 “house; it is to you I owe the loss of his af-
 “fection; it is to you I am to owe the loss of
 “my dearest friend—the sweetest innocent; and
 “with her, of every prospect of earthly happi-
 “ness.”

“Yes, she’ll swing, by G-d; but what’s that
 “to you? You talk, as she does, out of books;
 “but give me sense and signification now. I’ll

“keep you a carriage, Relly; that’s sense,
“that’s signification now, if I know any thing.”

“Once for all, Mr. Connor,” replies the Lady, “if I have no other way to avoid being
“your wife, this lake offers me a happy refuge,
“and I prefer it to you, a thousand times.”

“I’ll be d—d then. A warm husband’s better
“ter than a cold grave too. Try now, Relly,
“a little comfortable kissing will be better by
“half.—I promise thee, thou’lt like it, Relly.”

The brute was not content with seizing her round her neck, and forcing a kiss, but was proceeding to insupportable rudeness; when the lady, exerting all her strength, pushed him away with a force that sent him backwards to the brink of the lake, and thence, not being at present a perfect balance-master, into the lake itself. The lake was deep, and the lady, not perfectly satisfied with her own work, screamed; the gentleman dived, and Sir John Amington jumped into the water.

Now this was wrong, *Monsieur le Comte*; it was not the work of reason, but of blind impulse; for Mr. Connor would have been well in a few minutes, and the world would have been something better, without him. However, though I verily believe I should have seen Connor drown, without putting my own life to the hazard,

hazard, I could not preserve the same *sang-froid* with regard to Sir John, and therefore leaped in after him. The astonished lady, who took us probably for sea monsters, ran homewards with the speed of a lapwing.

By great good fortune, though I question whether either of us had preconsidered the matter, Sir John and I were both good swimmers, but in this case we were obliged to practice a little diving also; for Connor, after rising twice, had gone a third time. Each of us caught him by an arm, and drew him towards the shore. The banks were too high to land. Although he could not speak, the little sense he had, had not intirely deserted him, for he grunted, and pointed to a place about twenty yards lower. We towed him along, and landed him at length in safety, where the lawn met the water with a gentle declivity.

We expected to have been overwhelmed with a profusion of thanks and civility, and perhaps made drunk for three days together. The affair did not operate in Mr. Connor's head the same way. His first care was to damn himself and his bitch of a Cousin; and instead of offering a votive tablet for his safety, to the deity of the lake, he offered up his vows of revenge à *Monsieur, Monsieur le Diable.*—" And where

“the devil did you come from?” says he;
“from the moon? However I am obliged to
“you for your kindness, though I wish you had
“let me alone, for I should have done better
“without you.”

Sir John replied, he began to be sorry for his interference. “What the devil occasion was
“there,” says the polite Mr. Connor, “to sink
“me to the bottom before you tried to help
“me?”

“No occasion certainly,” returns Sir John;
“your own lead was abundantly sufficient.”

The appearance of the Lady, followed by two or three servants, and an old Gentleman behind limping on crutches, prevented a reply. The Lady, with great politeness, returned us thanks, and invited us into the house.

“Damn your civility,” says Connor; by
“G-d, gentlemen, she would have drowned
“me only for touzling her a bit!”

“We saw you both,” replies Sir John;
“we could not avoid it; and I must inform you,
“Sir, that we were upon the point of breaking
“through the fence in order to chastize your
“rudeness, when the Lady prevented us.”

“G-d d-m ye! who are you, pray? I’ll box
“you, one after another, for a guinea a-piece.

—“I say

“—I say done first;” attempting at the same time to pull off his coat.

By this time the old gentleman arrived, and seeing the state of the parties, was struck with amazement. The brute continued to abuse us; Miss Clare, for that was her name, to invite us home, and her father to stare and wonder.

At length we settled to accept of a glass of wine, and a servant to shew us the nearest way to our inn; and Miss Clare being earnest in the request, we promised to wait upon her next morning.

The man who has never been in wet cloaths, does not know the luxury of dry ones. It was a night of indulgence. We had excellent claret, a peat fire of delicious odour, and the society of our host and hostess. For the good woman coming into our parlour, whilst we were engaging her husband in an account of his neighbours, stayed with infinite kindness to help him out; because, as she said, her Arthur, as good a man as ever trod a bog, was a little apt to get muddled in a story.

“And so,” says honest Arthur, “as I told you, the trial comes on next Monday at Kilkenny. For my part I say nothing, ’Squire Connor is a very good kind of a sort of an
“honest

“honest gentleman, and spends a deal of money
“in my house. As to Old Clare, I never sees
“none of his money, so I knows nothing about
“him. His daughter, Miss Aurelia, has a good
“enough sort of a character amongst poor bo-
“dies, but they buys their wine and spiritual
“liquors at Killarney.”——

“To be sure,” says the good hostess, that’s
“the worst part of the young woman’s charac-
“ter, not to lay her money out amongst her
“nearest neighbours, for live and let live is eve-
“ry thing.—And they sayn there’s a hugeous
“kindness between Miss and th’ young woman
“has poisoned her Aunt which for sartain was
“the wickedest thing——

“I have told their honours all about that,”
says Arthur, “and nothing ever was worser to
“be sure, because the young woman was ob-
“ligated to her.”——

“Ay,” says our landlady ; “good deeds or
“ill deeds, all’s one when wickedness gets into
“a body’s head—nothing stands for nothing.”

In this instructive manner did our obliging
host and hostess respond and re-respond till the
end of the chapter, and so we went to bed.

In the morning we met with a very different
instructress, who told us a tale that——

you

you shall hear when I have the honour to see you in Paris, and this will be sooner than I like.

It is with the utmost difficulty, *Monsieur le Comte* that I prevail upon myself to use these barbarian terms of veracity, so entirely English. Sooner than I like! The French equivalent would have been.—*Jusqu' à ce tems heureux, mon très cher ami, chaque heure sera un siècle.* But there would have been an inconsistency in it, when I had farther informed you, —that I am in love. *Oui, Monsieur J'aime à la folie.* Or as the English say, I am in, over head and ears, as I was yesterday in the lake. Some people take cold by immersion; I, alas! have taken heat. And my mother calls me home to be present at the nuptials of my sister to *Monsieur le Marquis de Rancour*, an aged gentleman, a soldier, who served, I believe, under Julius Cæsar, whose exploits, and his own, he is forever relating.

Mon cher Ami, ayez pitié de moi.

Adieu,

ST. CLAU.

D 5

SIR JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Kilkenny.

WARMED, my dear Osborne, with the occurrence of the day, in which I last wrote, I was too animated to rest, and therefore dedicated the hours to the man, to whom a secret communicated, is a secret kept; and from whom a thought of the heart withheld, is the first step to depravity. I had no sooner dispatched my servant to the post, than the Marquis and I set out to wait on the lovely Miss Clare.

She received us with a melancholy and dejected politeness, her fine eyes swimming in tears, and her heart too full to express the thanks she wished to give.

It was impossible to see her thus unhappy without endeavouring to relieve her, and without expressing that desire.

She begged to know to whom she had the honour to talk?

“ I am called the Marquis de St. Clair,” says my lively friend, “ a Frenchman, and inexpressibly

“expressibly devoted to your service. This gentleman is Sir John Amington.”—

“An Englishman, Miss Clare, much devoted to your service also, but not so rich in expression as my friend.”

“I thank you, sincerely thank you, for the part you acted yesterday. It was truly that of Gentlemen. I wished again to see you. I am ashamed to have desired it. I had no right to give more trouble to gentlemen, to whom I had already given too much.”

“Your invitation, Miss Clare, did us honour; it would have given us pleasure also, did we not see you unhappy. You are rendered so, I doubt by the behaviour of Mr. Connor.”

“It is true,” replies she, “he persecutes me to death; but my present uneasiness arises from a much superior cause. Have you heard of an unfortunate young lady?”

“In prison at Kilkenny.—We have.—Every mouth is full of her.—Few, however, give her the epithet of unfortunate.”

“Alas! no. The tongue of calumny is every where let loose against her. Uncommon pains have been taken to feign, to exaggerate circumstances, and to spread the black obloquy

“obloquy abroad. I fee not, indeed, how it
“can be done; but never, never, could it be
“done, would you be better employed, than in
“the succour of innocence distressed?—Such
“innocence too!—Such sweetness of disposi-
“tion!—Such strength of understanding!—
“Such nobleness of soul!”

“You interest us greatly, Miss Clare; will
“you favour us with the particulars?”

“Most willingly. In order to be clear, I
“must mention some circumstances of my own
“family. But I must be as concise as possible,
“for I must still be indebted to your generosity
“for an early retiring; sorry the jealousy and
“stern temper of my father, force me to do
“the duties of hospitality so ill.”

We begged her not to be uneasy on that score.
She bowed and went on.

“Mr. Connor, my Grandfather, had one
“son and two daughters. The son inherited
“the little family estate, and left it to his only
“surviving child, the present Mr. Connor.
“My mother, the eldest daughter, married Mr.
“Clare my father, and died about four years
“ago. Dear, unhappy, ill-matched parent!
“Forgive my tears; she was all that was good
“in woman.”

“My

" My aunt, the youngest sister, married a
 " Mr. Lingard, a Dublin merchant. He met
 " with misfortunes, was treated ill by his rela-
 " tions, obliged to quit Ireland, and taking my
 " aunt with him, went to settle as a Factor in
 " Aleppo. Their industry was prosperous.
 " Mr. Lingard died worth 30,000*l.* and, the
 " family quarrel still subsisting, left it all to my
 " aunt's disposal. She returned about two
 " years since to end her days in her native coun-
 " try, and brought with her a young lady, the
 " child of misfortune, the child of virtue. I
 " do not know the whole of her history, but
 " know that whether you respect her mind or
 " person, she is the most lovely, the most ac-
 " complished of her sex. My aunt relieved
 " her in deep distress abroad, and having no
 " child of her own, made her so by adoption.
 " The warm climate in which my aunt had so
 " long lived, had broke her constitution, and
 " rendered her very infirm. In consequence,
 " she saw little company, and Miss Warren
 " was almost unknown; for she devoted herself
 " to her benefactress with an unremitting dili-
 " gence that few daughters would have re-
 " lished.

" My generous Aunt often declared it was
 " her intention to divide her fortune equally at
 " her

“ her death betwixt Mr. Connor, Miss War-
“ ren, and myself ; but finding a mortgage of
“ 5000*l.* upon Mr. Connor’s estate, she advan-
“ ced that sum, and paid it off. The little time
“ my Father, who is much afflicted with the
“ gout, could spare me, I spent at my Aunt’s,
“ and there contracted a friendship with Miss
“ Warren, which I vainly hoped would be a
“ never-failing source of happiness. Mr.
“ Connor came there also ; but with his man-
“ ners my Aunt soon became disgusted, and
“ often declared her repentance for having in-
“ creased his power of doing injury, and of
“ degrading himself to a brute. Often in the
“ warmth of her resentment, she declared he
“ had received her last favour. This came to
“ his ears. In an hour of excess he insulted
“ her, and she forbid him her house. Soon
“ after, she sent for an Attorney from Killarney,
“ we thought to make her will. The transac-
“ tion, whatsoever it was, was a secret, at
“ least to us, and he has since declared it
“ was nothing more, than to consult with him
“ about the purchase of an estate.

“ In less than a month after, happened her
“ melancholy catastrophe. Two hours after
“ having taken a paper of powders, she ex-
“ pired in Miss Warren’s arms, in strong con-
“ vulsions.

“vulsions. By order of Mr. Connor the
 “body was inspected, her stomach opened,
 “and the faculty declared her poisoned.

“Evidence, such as it was, was given to a
 “neighbouring justice, and Miss Warren,
 “almost sunk to death by the strong sense of
 “the loss she had sustained, had to struggle
 “with the additional affliction of being com-
 “mitted to prison on suspicion of murder.

“Three months she has lain at Kilkenny,
 “without a ray of consolation, except what
 “she can draw from her own exalted mind.
 “I went to see her, under my Father’s pro-
 “hibition; it produced a quarrel; I was or-
 “dered to prepare to marry Mr. Connor; and
 “never to see, or correspond with Miss War-
 “ren more, on pain of his everlasting displea-
 “sure. I ventured it, and saw her once again.
 “I could not, indeed I scarce wished to con-
 “ceal it, from my Father, whose rage almost
 “cost him his life. The gout mounted into
 “his stomach. I was greatly alarmed. If he
 “had died, the world would have stigmatized
 “me with the name of parricide, as my Father
 “himself did. I was obliged to promise to
 “abstain from seeing her, in the most solemn
 “manner; but to give her the little comfort I
 “was able by letter, I would not give up. I
 “had

“ had no answer to several, and suspected they
 “ were intercepted. I changed my mode of
 “ conveyance and got one delivered. The an-
 “ swer has almost broke my heart. This it
 “ is.——

“ Miss WARREN to Miss CLARE.

“ YOUR kind letter, my dear Aurelia,
 “ I accept with grateful thanks. It is the me-
 “ morial of a friendship, which nothing could
 “ subdue. For surely nothing could, if the
 “ commands of a Father, the reiterated re-
 “ proofs and persuasions of relations and friends,
 “ and the public voice which gives me up to
 “ infamy, could not. But are you right Aure-
 “ lia? Duty to parents is said to be the first of
 “ moral duties. Doubtless it has its limits,
 “ those which reason and truth prescribe. In
 “ believing me innocent you think you adhere
 “ to both. So does your Father in believing
 “ me guilty. But by believing me innocent,
 “ my dear, you cannot prove me so; there-
 “ fore it ought in your mind, to have the force
 “ of a speculative opinion only, and yield to
 “ an absolute duty.
 “ Besides, my dear Aurelia, I must die,—
 “ but you must live;—You must give and re-
 “ ceive reciprocally those offices of courtesy
 “ and

"and kindness, which alone render society
 "pleasing. Do not therefore imbitter all the
 "future comforts of your life, by opposition to
 "your friends, in a case where the opposition
 "must produce evil, and cannot produce good.
 "For me, my gentle friend, I am resigned.
 "My dear Aurelia, you cannot think how re-
 "signed. Every earthly prop is taken from
 "under me; I rest on heaven alone. From
 "that tribunal, I have nothing to fear. The
 "idea fills my mind, and fills it with transport,
 "Aurelia. Grief, uneasiness, on my account,
 "therefore, is thrown away, for who laments
 "the happy!

"And what is death, Aurelia? Born and
 "educated in a country where pestilence and
 "famine destroy a large portion of mankind,
 "and where the hand of tyranny plays wan-
 "tonly with the lives and felicities of those who
 "remain, I have been made familiar with
 "death. I have seen it courted, even by vul-
 "gar minds, as a remedy for intolerable evil.
 "It is the only remedy of mine, Aurelia, and
 "I embrace it with joy."

"But can I be indifferent to the ignominy
 "that attends it thus administered?"

"Yes, Aurelia; it has indeed been a bitter
 "potion; but I am now resigned—even to
 "this."

"Once

“Once more, my dear Aurelia, grieve not
 “for me. I am happy. It is my last request,
 “my last command, or call it by any name
 “that will enforce it; think of me only with
 “a placid remembrance; think of me as of
 “a beloved sister gone to happiness before you,
 “and longing for the time when it shall be
 “rendered more compleat by a re-union with
 “you. I leave you, my Aurelia, with such
 “sweet hopes, I can bid you only a short—
 “Adieu.”

HONORIA WARREN.

Osborne! what think you were my reflections on reading this? A revelation would scarcely have convinced me more, of the angelic purity of the writer. I glowed to save her; but how little was in my power. And if I could succeed, I knew not but I was doing her the worst good turn, that mistaken kindness ever busied itself in effecting.

An opportunity offers of sending this, directly to England. I embrace it, and bid you for the present farewell.

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

MERCY has oft been called the sweetest
“attribute of Heaven; and heaven forbid I
“should wish the vilest of criminals not to find
“it there. Amongst mankind, the peace of
“society limits the practice of this amiable
“feeling, even in cases where it might find an
“easy entrance into the human breast. But in
“atrocious instances, as murder, and murder
“aggravated by black ingratitude, the softest
“bosoms must yield up their gentler sensations
“to the horror such deeds excite, and own,
“the best, the truest mercy is public justice.”

This, my dear Osborne, was the conclusion of a charge delivered to the grand jury by Sir Robert Fitzakerley, the judge of the present circuit; and serves to shew that he also had imbibed the general opinion of the prisoner's guilt, and so strong indeed was the universal prejudice, it was almost impossible to avoid it.

The court of justice was crowded early in the morning of the trial. The spectators were prepared to see a woman, confused, trembling,
and

and dying almost with the sense of shame, guilt, and horror. They saw her brought to the bar, dressed in deep mourning, with a countenance, pale indeed and pensive, but serene as innocence, and beautiful as nature ever formed. Peace, piety, and resignation, were visible in all its lineaments. The court was struck with admiration and surprise.

She heard the indictment with firm composure; at the words, "malice propense, and "aforethought," "Oh no, no," says she; and to the question guilty or not? she answered, with a sweet and modest voice—"not guilty!"

The first evidences called were of the faculty, to prove that Mrs. Lingard had been poisoned, and of the truth of this circumstance they left no doubt in the minds of the auditors.

The next witnesses were servants to Mrs. Lingard. These swore to a number of those little circumstances, which never fail to carry conviction to minds nearly convinced before. The principal of these were, that Miss Warren had given the deceased, without exception, every medicine she took; and with a most officious diligence had prevented the attendance of every other person as much as possible, by night or day, even to the exclusion of Mrs. Lingard's nearest relations.

In

In cases of murder, proof perfectly positive can seldom be had. It is the sum total of associated circumstances that stamps conviction, and to minds strongly pre-disposed to believe, trifles are confirmations. The jury seemed convinced, and the spectators, whose wishes, after they had seen Miss Warren, had run against their prejudices, cast down their eyes in sorrow, as giving up their new-born hope.

The judge was still unsatisfied. The prisoner must have had motives of interest to engage her to the perpetration of this crime, and these motives had not yet appeared. The council for the prosecution informed his Lordship they had still an evidence to clear this objection, and leave the guilt of the prisoner undoubted.

The judge, observing no counsel had as yet appeared to speak for the lady, nor that she herself took the least pains to cross examine the witnesses, asked her the reason? She answered, that "as she had lost every thing dear to her on earth—equally undone in fortune and in fame—life was not worth her care. She could indeed have wished to have resigned it without infamy—she had no support but innocence; and if that was insufficient to protect her, death would be doubly welcome."

Phelim

Phelim O'Nurd was called to the bar, and whilst he was taking the oath, the judge ordered the preceding witnesses out of hearing, but to be kept within call.

O'Nurd deposed " that he came to live with
 " Mrs. Lingard at her first settling near Killar-
 " ney, as a footman ; and that afterwards, by
 " his own good behaviour, was made butler,
 " and had a great deal of his mistress's esteem
 " and confidence. That he had often heard his
 " mistress speak well of Miss Warren, and once
 " she intimated that she had provided well for
 " her, by a will made beyond sea. That he
 " had always thought Miss Warren a pretty sort
 " of body, and as she was always civil to him,
 " and he knew she had a bit of fortune to trust
 " to, and he was made butler, he thought of
 " striking up to her. At first she was scorn-
 " ful, but afterwards was kinder, and gave
 " him leave to court her."

Miss Warren, by the judge's order had been allowed a chair, in which she had sat, listening attentively to the preceding witnesses, but always unmoved. At the last words of O'Nurd she rose, the colour flushed into her cheek, she panted for breath, seemed desirous to say something, but did not, and sat down again.

O'Nurd

O'Nurd went on. "It happened soon after
 "that Miss Clare and Miss Warren fell out;
 "and 'Squire Connor at first took Miss Warren's
 "part, but when he came to know what a bad
 "heart she had."—

"And how did he come to know what a bad
 "heart she had," asked the judge?

"Please your Lordship, I don't know, only I
 "heard him say so."

"Go on."

"And then Mrs. Lingard said in my hearing,
 "that Miss Warren was not so good as she
 "thought her, and once she called her a mis-
 "chief maker and said she would burn her will,
 "and then her nephew and niece would have all,
 "which to be sure is their rights by law. So I
 "told Miss Warren this, and very badly fright-
 "ened, she was; and said to me crying, Oh my
 "dear Phelim, what shall we do?"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Miss War-
 ren.

The witness had hitherto avoided throwing
 his eyes upon the prisoner, but this sudden ejacu-
 lation drew them thither, and in spite of himself,
 he underwent some small change of countenance.
 A murmur arose amongst the audience. Silence
 was commanded and the witness bid to go on.

"There

“ There was such a noise, please your lordship, I forgot whereabouts I was.”

“ Was it not,” says the judge, “ where you “ was frightened at Mrs. Lingard’s menace, and “ where you said to your sweetheart, Oh, my “ dear Miss, what shall we do ?”

“ Yes, says I, my dear Miss Warren, what “ shall we do ? Oh, says she, Phelim, I know “ a way. But I could not get her to tell it me “ then. Only she would often say, this poor “ soul, meaning my mistress, is in sad pain ; “ it is pity but she was eased of all her troubles. “ Some days after, she said, Mrs. Lingard has “ been in her airs again this morning, and I’m “ sure I don’t know for what. Does she think “ I am obliged to bear the impertinence of all “ her relations, as well as her own ? I could give “ the old woman a quieting draught—and then “ we should be so happy, Phelim ! St. Patrick “ bless us, Miss, says I, sure you can’t think of “ such a thing in earnest ; this good gentlewo- “ man has been better than a mother to you, and “ a great deal more ; at which she fell a crying “ and begged of God to forgive her, and said “ it was all for love of me. So I told her I had “ rather have her without a penny and honest ; “ for

“ for God prospers honest people. However,
 “ I understood that mistress and she had a vio-
 “ lent quarrel next morning after, and that very
 “ night the fact was committed ; and as no soul
 “ gave my mistress any thing in the world but
 “ Miss Warren, and somebody must do it,
 “ 'Squire Connor had her taken up and commit-
 “ ted. This please your Lordship is all I have
 “ to say.”

The judge ordered this witness also to be de-
 tained within call, and then addressing the pri-
 soner told her, that the evidence for the crown
 being all examined, what remained was to exa-
 mine those she had to call on her side.

Miss Warren answered, she had no evidence
 to call. Once, being advised to summon whom
 she thought most likely to serve her, she named
 several of the servants, and amongst them the last
 witness, but was told they were all evidence
 against her.

“ At least,” says the judge, “ you have some
 “ defence to make. You have your own tale
 “ of facts to tell, and it may be told with sim-
 “ plicity and truth : It is indeed no evidence, but
 “ it may be truth ; and truth has sometimes a
 “ power to force itself upon the understanding,
 “ against the opposition of prejudice itself.”

" My Lord," says Miss Warren, " though
 " born and educated in a far distant country, I
 " am not so ignorant of the laws here, as to sup-
 " pose that truth itself can avail me any thing
 " against a series of evidence, which, I perceive,
 " has made its impression. The fatal event
 " which brought me here, brought me with a
 " wish to resign my being, but the infamy at-
 " tending it, filled me with the most excrucia-
 " ting anxiety. I return the most sincere thanks
 " to heaven, that I have been able to summon
 " to my aid, reflections which have happily
 " eased me of it all.

" I am not only a stranger here, my Lord,
 " but a stranger every where. Family I have
 " none. No father to blush, no mother to la-
 " ment me. If I have relations I know them
 " not. I lost my mother at the early age of six,
 " but was many years happy in the affection of
 " the tenderest, best of fathers. A violent
 " stroke of despotism in Syria, four years since,
 " involved him in ruin. Tyranny and lust, le-
 " velled the blow at his life and my honour. I
 " escaped; escaped by the goodness, the un-
 " speakable goodness of Mrs. Lingard Childless
 " herself, she received me as the gift of provi-
 " dence; she loved me as parents love their
 " children.

“ children. It is too little to say I loved her as,
 “ children love their parents. Imbued with the
 “ most solid principles of piety and virtue, by
 “ the care of my father, I could not but know
 “ the infinite obligation, I had to Mrs. Lingard.
 “ My love and reverence grew infinite also. For
 “ robbing this dear, this all respected mother,
 “ of life, I am going to die. I would have died
 “ to save her. Most happy if I had met with
 “ the same fate, by whatsoever hand inflicted.

“ Regarding the evidence, the last excepted,
 “ I have few remarks to make. Every repre-
 “ sentation of facts takes a tincture from opini-
 “ ons. I am ready to ascribe to virtue, that the
 “ tide of opinion has run so heavily against me.
 “ The crime by whomsoever committed, is hor-
 “ rible to human nature ; by me committed, is
 “ such a prodigy of vice, the annals of mankind
 “ cannot, I hope, produce its equal.”

“ The witnesses I speak of therefore, have
 “ given me but little cause to complain. They
 “ have said that I prevented as much as possible
 “ all attendance but my own—and they have said
 “ most true. I was greedy to avidity of doing
 “ all things for my benefactress. She had done
 “ all things for me. They have said I gave her

“ all her medicine. I acknowledge it. I have
“ no doubt I gave her that which destroyed her.
“ They have related therefore only plain facts,
“ modified perhaps by their opinions; perhaps
“ heightened by the just odium they have en-
“ tertained for a crime which brands human na-
“ ture with disgrace. Their detestation is vir-
“ tuous; it is my misfortune this detestation has
“ been associated with my person. Their error
“ has been merely human, and I forgive them
“ freely.

“ For the last witness, this task of forgiveness
“ becomes heavier than I imagined any human
“ offence to me, could now have made it. May
“ heaven forgive him, and mine will then be of
“ no consequence.

“ He came, he says, to Mrs. Lingard as a
“ footman, and was afterwards advanced to but-
“ ler.

“ Mrs. Lingard kept no butler. He had in-
“ deed the keys of the wine given him, after
“ the dismissal of a servant, but it was only
“ till another could be found to Mrs. Lingard's
“ liking.

“ He has asserted that he was high in his mis-
“ tress's confidence. The self-complacent
“ pow-

" powers of the human mind are great, but
 " it was impossible this man could use them to
 " this purpose, because he received daily mor-
 " tifications from Mrs. Lingard's contempt.
 " He well knows the cause, and that very soon
 " he would be no longer her servant."

" But he made love to me, and I permitted
 " his addresses. Two months since, no inno-
 " cence could have made me face this tribu-
 " nal with composure. That I have been able
 " now to speak the language of my heart, has
 " been owing to incessant reflection on the in-
 " significance of worldly pursuits; to the conquest
 " of human passions. The conquest has not
 " been so perfect as I thought. My pride, my
 " vanity, have been both revived by this in-
 " nuation of the basest of mankind. Never,
 " that I know of, did he look at me with any
 " eyes but those of a servant; never did he speak
 " to me with the tongue of familiarity."

" But he has sworn it."

" It is so incredible that any human being
 " should so risque his eternal welfare, that I can-
 " not, I do not expect to be believed,"

" He has sworn also that Mrs. Lingard's fa-
 " vour to me was abated. It cannot be. Ne-

“ ver woman was freer from the vice of hypo-
“ crisy, and never, in the four years she che-
“ rished and supported me, to the last moment
“ of her life, which she ended in my arms, did
“ there arise the least difference betwixt this
“ excellent woman, and myself.

“ My Lord, I have done with my defence.
“ My expectation, my wish is to die. If life
“ were given me, I can throw my contempla-
“ tion on no objects that are to me agreeable.

“ Mrs. Lingard loved retirement, and taught
“ me to love it too. I know nothing of the
“ world but from books. If I live, I must strug-
“ gle with want and misery. Infamy indeed
“ will cleave to my memory if I die ; but I shall
“ feel it not, and there is no one to feel it for
“ me. In the compass of human existence,
“ there is not, I hope there is not, a being so
“ truly unconnected as myself.”

The sweet mild tone of melancholy, with
which this defence was delivered, made its way
into all hearts. There was scarcely a dry eye
in the court. The ladies in the gallery sobbed
aloud. All wished a verdict in her favour. All
feared the contrary.

Now rose to speak, Mr. Counsellor Harland,
a man who joins superior talents, to superior in-
tegrity.

tegrity. He acquainted the court that he had received no brief, and consequently no fee; yet that he never rose in his life with more pleasure, than now to defend innocence so manifest, and so oppressed. He went over the whole ground of all the evidence except O'Nurd's, and shewed clearly that it proved nothing against the prisoner. He spoke with energy, and ended with a request, that the witnesses might be brought in again one by one for cross examination.

Miss Warren's defence had pointed out to this able lawyer the questions proper to be asked. The principal were these four.

I. Where were the medicines, administered by Miss Warren, kept?

II. Were there any quarrels betwixt Mrs. Lingard and Miss Warren?

III. Any betwixt Mrs. Lingard and Mr. Connor?

IV. Know you of any courtship betwixt O'Nurd and Miss Warren?

Mrs. Cranston, woman to Mrs. Lingard, replied "that the medicines were kept in a cupboard in Mrs. Lingard's chamber always locked, and Miss Warren never trusted the key out of her pocket. That Mrs. Lingard and Miss Warren quarrelled often. That Mrs.

“Lingard and Mr. Connor had no difference
 “that she knew of. And that she believed Mr.
 “O’Nurd did court Miss Warren, for they were
 “often together.”

This was a bad prelude for the wishes of the court. The answers of the cook-maid, the chambermaid, and the lower servant, who did the household drudgeries, were all uniform, and all directly contrary to Mrs. Cranston. I shall give the cross examination of this lower servant, a rude simple wench, *verbatim*.

Question. “Where were Mrs. Lingard’s medicines kept?”

Answer. “In a cupboard in Madam’s chamber, along with the china and spoons.”

Q. “Did you ever see it open?”

A. “A hundred times. I never saw it locked. What must it be locked for? Nobody was like to steal nothing there.”

Counsel for the prosecution. “How came you so often into Mrs. Lingard’s apartment?”

A. “I mended the fires, and other chars.”

Q. “Did you ever see any signs of a quarrel betwixt Mrs. Lingard and Miss Warren?”

A. “Never but once, when Miss Warren scolded Madam because she would not take
 “her

“her physic. For all the rest, they were so
“good humoured and kindly toward one ano-
“ther, that I said often to Martha chamber-
“maid, if husbands and wives were so, I’d ra-
“ther marry than be a queen.”

Q. “Did you ever hear of any difference be-
“twixt your mistress and Mr. Connor?”

A. “Yea, sure; for a good bit, we talked o’
“nothing else in the kitchen. And one day
“there was great words in the parlour, for
“Madam did not always keep her room, and
“’Squire Connor came out in a passion, and
“bid G-d d--n the house, and himself too, if
“ever he set foot in it again. And he never did
“while Madam lived.”

Q. “Did you ever know of any courtship
“betwixt Mr. O’Nurd and Miss Warren?”

A. “Anan!—Mrs. Cranston, I believe you
“mean, Sir?”

Q. “No, I mean Miss Warren.”

A. “Miss Warren! Why he durst as well
“have eat his finger nails as have offered to
“make love to she. No, he sweethearted Mrs.
“Cranston, and they be going to marry; and
“they be to live with the ’Squire till he can set
“them up in a public house, or some way.”

Q. "Was Miss Warren beloved amongst the
"servants?"

A. "Yea, sure; every body loved her, she
"was so gentle like; till this bad thing."

Q. "Do you believe her guilty?"

A. "Yes, for certain; seeing as how nobody
"gave Madam nothing but herself."

Q. "Might not somebody have put the pa-
"per of poison amongst the other papers?"

A. (After a few minutes pause) "I never
"thought about that, and I never heard as Miss
"said any body did."

Q. "But it might have been done?"

A. "Sure enough; I could have done it ma-
"ny a time; for I have been in the room often
"by myself, straitening things; and the cup-
"board door wide open."

Q. "Do you know the cause of the quarrel
"betwixt Mrs. Lingard and Mr. Connor?"

A. "No, not to a truth. They said as Mr.
"Connor wanted to court Miss Warren, and
"as she scorned him; but I can't tell why;
"for he's a proper man enough, only not so
"well spoken as some are. And then Madam
"took Miss's part, and so they differed."

Judge to the Prisoner. "Is this witness right,
"Miss Warren?"

A. "She

A. "She is, my Lord. I was much insulted by Mr. Connor; Mrs. Lingard resented it."

Counsel for the prosecution. "My Lord, with submission, we think these sort of questions not proper to be asked."

Judge to the Counsel. "Why Sir?"

Counsel for the Prosecution. "Because they tend to cast a shade upon the character of the prosecutor, without advancing any thing in favour of the prisoner's innocence."

Judge to the Counsel. "I am sorry to differ from you. In the first place; where I have the honour to preside, the forms of law shall never be pleaded against its true intent; which is to discover truth, and succour innocence. You will not say, that the presumption against the prisoner would be as strong, should the character of the prosecutor turn out a character of depravity, as if, of allowed honour and integrity. You will not say, that several questions already asked, seemingly of as little import as that you object against, have not thrown a considerable light on this dark affair, and made an impression upon your mind, as I doubt not it has upon the rest of the court."

Counsel

Counsel for the Prosecution. "My Lord; I humbly conceive it to be my duty to defend my client's character."

Judge. "His cause, you mean, I suppose. You allow character and cause then to have some degree of connexion?"

Counsel. "Certainly, my Lord."

Counsellor Harland. "To oblige my learned brother, my Lord, let us speak of Mr. Connor no more. He is sensible, I suppose, the subject will not bear handling; and I am sensible we do not want the discussion."

O'Nurd was recalled to the bar. You will easily perceive, my dear Osborne, that Counsellor Harland had now matter to exercise Mr. O'Nurd's genius; and he used it till this gallant gentleman lost, first his invention, and last, all memory of past things; in short, till he appeared an abandoned villain of the blackest dye. I believe the jury might now have been trusted to give their verdict safely; but Mr. Harland had another stroke in reserve.

Having finished the cross examination; "I believe, my Lord," says he, addressing the Judge, "the court has now done with Mr. O'Nurd, but I have not. I shall immediately indite him for perjury. About four years since came on a trial at Dublin, Anstruther

“fruther versus Delany, in which O’Nurd
 “appeared as evidence for the defendant, and
 “swore that he was witness to the signing a
 “very material paper. The trial lasted three
 “days. It was afterwards incontestibly proved,
 “that O’Nurd at the time when this transaction
 “was sworn to have been done, was footman
 “to Lord Garonsfere, and then in Italy with
 “his master. The trial over, I had orders,
 “amongst others, to prosecute Mr. O’Nurd,
 “but Mr. O’Nurd was gone; I am happy to
 “have met with him again, and dare promise
 “him the full reward of his merit.”

The Counsellors for the prosecution having
 spoke a little for form sake, and which Mr.
 Harland thought too trivial for a reply, the
 Judge, as usual, recapitulated the heads of the
 evidence, and pointed out in a clear and masterly
 manner, what particulars received force from
 simplicity and uniformity, and what were de-
 stroyed by contradiction. The jury in one mi-
 nute, gave in their verdict—NOT GUILTY.

A loud shout of applause, resounded over
 the hall. Congratulations were given and re-
 turned, as if news had arrived, interesting to
 the public happiness. The mob without doors
 indeed were not so much elated. They ex-
 pected

pected an execution, and did not altogether relish the disappointment.

When silence was re-established, Miss Warren, who appeared from her firm composure, to be less interested in the verdict, than almost any one else, seemed desirous to speak. She failed in the attempt, and only burst into tears. Without endeavouring at a second attempt, she made a modest and respectful curtesy to the Judge, Mr. Harland, and the spectators, and was conducted by her own direction, back to the house of the keeper of the prison.—The Court adjourned.

I dined with Sir Robert Fitzakerly, and when he returned to the hall took the opportunity to pay a visit to Miss Warren.

I was received by the Jailor's wife who conducted me into a parlour, and informed me I was expected by Miss Warren, who had ordered herself to be denied at present to every one; but having received a note from the Judge, made an exception in my favour.—This surprised me.

In a few minutes Miss Warren herself appeared, with the Judge's note in her hand. With equal grace, sweetness, and politeness, she thanked me for the trouble I had taken in her cause; of which she was apprized by a letter just received. These were the contents:

“ I am

" I am extremely happy, Miss Warren,
 " in having been one instrument of delivering
 " innocence like yours from oppression; but
 " the principal and original mover in your fa-
 " vour is Sir John Amington, a gentleman in
 " whom the active virtues are all alive. He re-
 " ceived from your friend, Miss Clare, a little
 " history of you, that could not fail to excite a
 " mind like his. The steps he took in conse-
 " quence, proved your preservation.

" You have shewn yourself capable, Miss
 " Warren, in the most arduous of all possible
 " situations, of directing your reflections right.
 " Direct them now from despondence. Enter
 " into society with chearfulness, the best let-
 " ter of recommendation. You will win the
 " hearts of others, and pacify your own. I
 " take the privilege of an old man to advise,
 " and to beg your acceptance of the inclosed.
 " I use no farther entreaties, because I will
 " not suppose it possible, you will refuse me.
 " I have no idea of caprice, in a lady of your
 " good sense. " I am, Madam,

" with all possible respect and

" good wishes, your most

" obedient,

" ROBERT FITZAKERLY.

" P. S. Sir John intends you a visit.

This

This letter, my dear Osborne, perhaps will give you a desire to know the circumstances in which I was happy enough to serve Miss Warren. But they are trivial ; this letter is already very long ; and myself very weary. If I have leisure, I may resume the account, or reserve it for conversation.

My friend, Adieu,

JOHN AMINGTON.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR, to the
Count de St. FLOS.

Kilkenny.

INSTEAD of obeying the commands of my honoured Mother, and flying to be a happy witness of my Sister's nuptial joys, which cannot fail to be exquisite, since they are the produce of wisdom and grey hairs, I have wrote to request a month's delay. For this, I have two reasons, the reason *du dedans*, and the reason *du dehors* ; in English, the secret, and the ostensible. And certainly I use the Marchioness with the utmost respect and reverence, when I treat her, as English Ministers of state, and
French

French too, for ought I know, treat the people—That is to say, give her the ostensible. For this, Sir, is usually a matter of some pith, that will bear handling; whilst the real, is as generally something rotten, or at least extreamly light, and fuzzy. With *Madame la Marquise* therefore, it is the service of my friend; with *Monfieur de St. Flos*—it is *Mademoiselle Clare*.

Betwixt the betrothing, and the consummation, time moves with a young maid, the slowest possible, or Wm. Shakspeare is mistaken. If then I have been guilty of increasing my Sister's quantity of this slow paced time, I have been willing to make the *amende honorable*, by substituting some other pretty and innocent matter for her cogitations.

Now the tale which at the conclusion of my last, I promised to tell you at Paris, seemed pat for the purpose; not only because it is in itself a tale of woe, and tender sensibility, but because it served also to introduce *Mademoiselle Clare* in the back ground of the piece. I would not have her quite a stranger; when——Psha!——

But this tale is the tale of Miss Warren, an *unique*; at least, not to be sampled since the days of the Arrias, and the Portias; and if you would know more of it, take the trouble to rehearse

hearse a few gallantries to Miss St. Clair, which, added to my request, will procure you a perusal.

When you have read it, it may possibly happen you may wish to know, by what circumstances, whether of design or chance, Sir John Amington, and I his coadjutor, obtained the power to be of any service to the lady. I design this letter to supply the omission; you will have the goodness in turn to satisfy the curiosity of my Mother and Sister, in case it is excited, in something a graver and more decent way, than I fear I shall be able to satisfy yours.

From our interview with Miss Clare, which filled Amington's head, and my heart, we paced our steeds slowly to Kilkenny, talking a little, and pondering much. To this business of pondering, *Monsieur le Comte*, I used to have something like an antipathy; but I slid into it now with as much ease as Amington himself, who has been in the thinking way some years. I compliment myself whenever I can fix upon any points of similitude with this gentleman, and the reveries of this day had a great deal. He, like another Perseus, was resolving how to save one Andromeda from the jaws of that fell monster, Death; I another from the claws of that fell monster, Connor.

After

After musing down a three-mile lane, spacious enough for the march of an army, one in front, we arrived at a road, of great sociability, Amington, a thing that never happened before, was the first to break silence.

“Marquis,” says he, “have you been fortunate enough to think of any method to serve this injured girl?”

“None,” replied I, “but to kill Connor; and carry her into France.”

“An excellent scheme! and worthy a Knight-errant of ancient days.—How do you propose to elude the vigilance of her stern and watchful guards?”——

“True,” quoth I, “there may be difficulties, for I am not supported as I ought, by some powerful magician; a race of people that formerly would have neglected nothing to have enabled a Knight to carry off a Lady.——But now you touch upon this key, I wish your confounded Quixotism had been *avec le grand diable d'enfer*, instead of plunging you as it did into the lake, to save that abominable Connor.—He would have been at peace, and the Lady of course at liberty.”

“How would that have stopt the prosecution?” asked Sir John;—

“Mon

“ *Mon dieu!* you ought to be almost as good
 “ an English scholar as myself; and yet, with-
 “ out doubt, you must mean *per-secution*;
 “ for I have not heard of any prosecution
 “ against Aurelia?”——

“ Aurelia!—Ay, Aurelia and Connor—Con-
 “ nor and Aurelia. We make as good music
 “ now, St. Clair, as a pair of violin players,
 “ one with a solo of Geminiani, and the other
 “ with a solo of his own.—Pray did you ever
 “ hear of a Lady called Miss Warren?”

“ *Diable!* and who else was I thinking of?
 “ She brought Miss Clare into my head, and
 “ Miss Clare, Connor. It is nothing but asso-
 “ ciation.”

“ Oh! its all quite regular. Aristotle would
 “ from the first mention of Miss Warren, have
 “ predicted the whole train. Yes, yes; Con-
 “ nor must die, and Aurelia must migrate.
 “ The point is clear.

“ *Ma foi,* I wish it was. Let me ask you
 “ seriously Amington; is not Miss Clare a
 “ sweet girl?”

“ Sweet as the cowslip, my dear Marquis;
 “ sprung in a right line from the great Shan
 “ O’Neal; and third cousin to the present
 “ prince of Coolavan.”

“ Ay;

“ Ay ; your mother was certainly a mermaid. Pray Sir John, what is your general opinion of women ? ”

“ That there are none so good but they have something to mend ; and that however delighful they may be to all, or any of the five senses, there are a hundred better subjects for meditation. ”

“ Not one. They are the richest food for it that nature has provided. The mind without it seems to be castrated. I pity you from my soul, Sir John ; as I do all intellectual Eunuchs. ”

“ I thank you, *Monsieur le Marquis* ; I am, without doubt a terrible object of compassion. — Never once to have tasted of those ravishing pleasures, whose ordinary operations make wise men mad, and most men monkeys. ”

“ Sir John, a day of reckoning will come, and I shall see you racked for this heresy. The infidelity of lovers may be pardoned, but not the infidelity of love. ”

“ A most tremendous prophecy ! Philosophy, that teaches me to provoke it, must teach me how to bear it. ”

“ When it has taught you to bear the tooth-ach, you may have some confidence in its power ”

“power. And what pray, might be the pro-
 “found point of it, that engaged you along
 “this lane?”

“A moral problem. When a culprit, real
 “or imaginary, is brought before the judg-
 “ment seat of the multitude; when guilt and
 “innocence hang in exact balance; whilst be-
 “nevolence wishes to absolve, and malignity
 “strives to condemn,—why does not the gene-
 “ral mind hang in balance also? Why does it
 “follow the lead of malevolence, and rush to
 “condemnation?”

“Because this general mind of yours, Sir
 “John, is made up of the natural propensities
 “of the body corporate; and though man is
 “an implumed biped, it must be confessed,
 “these propensities are vastly quadrupedal. In
 “rage, a tyger; in avarice, a fox; a goat in
 “lust, and a sow in luxury.

“I was taking my evening’s philosophy in
 “Welbourn park, when a milk white heifer,
 “the very emblem of innocence, at some dis-
 “tance from the herd, had slipped with its
 “hind legs into a ditch; and not being able to
 “extricate itself, had called out for help. The
 “herd went trotting up. Good creatures, says
 “I, would men were like ye! I was never
 “more mistaken. All these good creatures,
 “with

" with one accord, attacked their distressed sister
 " with hoof and horn, till they had fairly sunk
 " her up to the nose in mud. Malignant ras-
 " cals!" says I, would men were not like ye!
 " I grew into a rage, fought, and dispersed
 " them; but could not resolve to spoil a pair of
 " silk stockings in the relief of innocence op-
 " pressed. Pox take us all, said I. I ran how-
 " ever to some labourers not far off. My
 " friends, said I, there is a heifer of your
 " master's in yonder ditch; will you be kind
 " enough to get her out? We are *by the great*,
 " Master," says one; "it's a hard job, we
 " can't afford to lose time." "But the heifer
 " will be lost." "It's not our business, Master,
 " but if you would give us something to drink."
 "Here is half a crown for you,—Run—If you
 " get her out without hurting her, you shall
 " have some of Sir John's strong beer. They
 " flew, plunged into the mud, and did their
 " work in six minutes. This is man."

"Your Helvetius," says Sir John, "is po-
 " sitive that man, unbiassed by passion, is a
 " logical animal, and always draws just conclu-
 " sions from what he knows. Unfortunately,
 " he sometimes calls ignorance or misinforma-
 " tion, knowledge; and gives to prejudice all
 " the force of truth. When error has got
 " possession

“possession of the bosom, she often proves so
 “tenacious a tenant, as to resist the force of all
 “ejectments, though issued from the Chancery
 “of Heaven.

“To see clearly then, is the true foundation
 “of just judgment. Before Michael proceeded
 “to inform Adam, he——

“——*purged with Euphrasy and Rue*

“*The visual nerve ;——*”

“and I conceive the greatest service that can
 “now be done Miss Warren, is to clear the
 “visual orb of the Judge.—Judges are Men.
 “He cannot help hearing, and when there is
 “almost an universal concurrence of opinion,
 “how difficult not to imbibe the same. An
 “opinion once conceived, every trivial cir-
 “cumstance serves to confirm and support it ;
 “but the circumstance that invalidates it, must
 “be strong indeed.

“Sir Robert Fitzakerly, the Judge of this
 “circuit, is a gentleman of high professional
 “estimation, and untainted honour. He was
 “my father’s counsel once in a cause of im-
 “portance, and a friendship was established be-
 “twixt them, which ended only with my fa-
 “ther’s life. I am not therefore wholly un-
 “known to him. What think you of gaining
 “his

“his ear, and telling him the simple tale Miss Clare had just told us?”

“I wish,” says I, “she could tell it him, herself.”

“I wish so too,” says he; “yet there may be a difference in the degree of susceptibility betwixt a young man’s mind, and that of an old one versed in all the prettiness of the sex.”

“Judges are Men, Sir John.”

“True.” So we galloped on to Kilkenny.

It was towards the evening when we arrived, and the Judge having the start of us, was already at the county-hall, giving what they call a charge to the grand jury.

Ever since I became a philosopher, *Monsieur le Comte*, I have embraced every decent occasion for your improvement; and here is a fair opportunity to instruct you in the nature of the English criminal jurisprudence.

“Keep your instructions, good Monsieur St. Clair, for a *corps de reserve*, against the days of gout and devotion; and go on with your story.”

Children will be always fond of sugar-plumbs. But nature thought proper, Monsieur St. Flos, to manufacture you amongst the *noblesse*, and

you ought to know your happiness in being born in a country where the freedom of that order stands, barometrically, at $29\frac{1}{2}$. In England it is only $28\frac{1}{2}$; and therefore subject to squalls. Would you believe it, Count, an English Earl was actually hanged some twenty years since, only for shooting his own servant. This enormity, these licentious islanders call liberty, and magna charta, and I know not what. Whereas it is apparent, it is at best but liberty transferred; for what Plebs gain, the Patricians lose.

“Go on with your story.”

This pervivacity of yours, Count, is an English quality, howsoever you came by it. Offer there to do a man good, against his will, and he knocks you down. My country on the contrary, having rendered itself immortal by obsequiousness—*Hé bien donc*,—I will go on with my story.

Immediately on my alighting at the inn, Amington was moving to the county-hall, I moved for the hair-dresser. “How is it possible, Sir John, you can think of going rough and rough to court? Is not your head uneasy?” Amington did me the honour to laugh full in my face, and asked me, “if the want of this o-
 “peration

“ peration without, would impede the well-go-
“ ing of the machine within?”

“ Certainly,” said I. “ A head *bien poudrée*,
“ with the *chopeau en bras*, gives dignity, ener-
“ gy, ease and address; and address, you
“ know, is a passport even for nonsense itself.”

“ At Paris.”

“ Every where. Even in Caffraria; only
“ they powder with bear’s grease. The princi-
“ ple is instinctive.”

“ At Paris.”

“ At Kilkenny. Look at that waiter there.”

“ The example is convincing, and of great
“ dignity. I leave you to follow it, Marquis;
“ *adieu jusqu’ au revoir.*” But this would not
do. I was become curious; and since I could
not persuade Sir John to follow my motion, I
persuaded myself to follow his.

To my utter astonishment, Sir John Amington paid his compliments to the Judge with as much ease and politeness, as if he had been dressed for a birth day; and these being properly returned, he invited the Judge to supper.
—The Judge invited Sir John.

“ I put in my claim to your friendship,”
says Sir John, “ by inheritance; if you grant
“ it, I enter at once into my rights, and de-

“mand one hour of your privacy this evening,
 “on a business interesting to my peace of mind,
 “interesting to humanity.”

“The plea is irresistible. I will apologize
 “to my friends, and sup with you.”

There was at our inn a public coffee-room, into which, after dressing, we strolled for the intervening time. For celerity and multitude of tongue, we might have been in a coffee-house at Paris. Three topics of dispute were distinguishable. Whether the Irish ought to insist upon the English parliament renouncing all right of legislature over them, or be content with renouncing it themselves? Whether the scheme of the Fencibles was or was not insidious? And whether it was possible to entertain a doubt of Miss Warren's guilt?

The last question was assented to in the negative, a good Irish expression, Count—by all, except one gentleman, who advanced however not a syllable upon the subject, and yet found very intelligible means of expressing that he was of another opinion.

This could not fail of interesting Amington, who was extremely desirous of hearing his sentiments. On application to the landlord, we found that he was an attorney of some small fortune, great abilities, and little practice.

“And

"And how do you account for this?"

"You would not," replies the landlord, "desire to converse with a civiler man, whilst he is sober. Unfortunately when he gets mellow, he finds himself possessed of an immoderate portion of courage, and zeal for virtue. In this humour few people like him; because few people like to hear too much of their own failings. I dare say if you return into the coffee-house in half an hour, you will see him the plague of it. He is almost half seas over now."

Before this half hour arrived, however, we contrived to procure ourselves the sole honour of his company, and had secured his confidence at least, if not his good manners, by a sort of retaining fee, under pretence of employing him about a purchase. See us then at table covered with wine and punch for the entertainment of Mr. Gillybourn, the keenest satyrist in Hibernia, and within an inch of beginning to flow over. At this critical instant we desired to know his opinion concerning the case of Miss Warren.

"Oh! she'll swing, by G—d; there's no doubt of it."

“ Then there’s no doubt of her guilt, I suppose.”

“ Why the cry is as loud against her as if there were a thousand ocular witnesses of the actual fact. And yet—but its no business of mine—I chuse to think for myself, let the Pope and the Primate of all Ireland say what they will; but as to speaking, that’s another affair. There is such a thing as discretion, and I don’t see why I may not have a little, as well as a thousand dirty dogs that have nothing else. Not that I fear any man. I am above it. But discretion is useful notwithstanding.”

“ It is useful also,” replies Sir John, for society, to have amongst it, a few men of independent minds, and incorruptible integrity; zealous for public and private virtue, and the determined enemies of vice, though supported by the mines of Golconda. I honour the free spirit, superior to vulgar prejudice, who sustains the native dignity of man by freedom of thought; and who scorns to be silent, when oppressed innocence demands his voice. Miss Warren will to-morrow, I hope, find more impartial Judges than a worrying public.”

“ By

"By Ch—st! it must be a miracle that saves her."

"Will the evidence be so strong against her?"

"Strong enough I warrant you, against a woman who abandons her own life. Not a counsel to plead for her, not a lawyer to guide her cause, not a single witness, even to her character. This does not arise from poverty neither, for she has been generous to profusion to the poor prisoners, confined for debt, and has actually freed no less than six. The Jailor too, as rugged a devil as ever filled the office, she has taught to feel humanity, or talk as if he did. Several lawyers, myself amongst the rest, have sent offers of service to her by this fellow; all rejected—nor has she admitted a single visitor, since her imprisonment, except a Miss Clare, niece to the poisoned lady, a young woman of an exalted way of thinking; who takes Miss Warren's part against her father, against Connor, and all her friends and relations?"

"This Mr. Connor is the prosecutor, I understand; pray what is his character?"

"By Ch—st, he is what he is; and there is not a more dangerous man to offend in all Ireland."

"We have heard indeed, that contrary to the
"generality of Irish gentlemen, whose senti-
"ments are liberal, and manners polite, Mr.
"Connor is vulgar and uncouth."

"Faith, and he is bear enough of all consci-
"ence, and I wish that was the worst of him.
"He has a good estate now—the devil and he
"best know how he came by it—otherwise, d—n
"the gentleman that he is a fit companion for.
"A year since, no man was more despised.
"But his aunt gave him 5000*l.* to clear his es-
"tate, after which he did not appear altogether
"so contemptible. The old woman's death puts
"him in possession of twelve hundred a year
"more, half of which, by the bye, is Miss
"Clare's—if she can get it—and as he is so good,
"and so grateful, to revenge his aunt's murder
"into the bargain; he begins to be more and
"more of a gentleman!"

"What is the character of his attorney,
"pray?"

"Oh, Jack Owrie of Killarney? Why,
"he's a good workman. He'll hang the girl by
"G-d---and he'll be well paid for it. You can't
"blame an attorney, doing the best for his cli-
"ent. There will be generalship in the dispo-
"sition of the evidence, I'll answer for it. The
"house-

" household troops, for *bona fide* evidence---and
 " for the *coup de grace*, a fellow that ought to be
 " exalted in the grass-market long ago. And
 " faith he was near the reward of his merit
 " a few years since. His name is Phelim
 " O'Nurd. The fellow's a fool not to have
 " changed it. He swore to the day and hour of
 " signing a paper in Ireland, and some more
 " credible witnesses proved him to be in Italy at
 " the same time, footman to Lord Geronstere.
 " Counsellor Harland, now upon the circuit,
 " was employed in the opposite cause and gained
 " it."

Here Sir John Amington fell into a profound
 reverie, and as I hate abortions both in man and
 woman, I endeavoured to turn the lawyer aside
 from the observation of it, in order that it might
 spring forth, like Pallas, in full maturity.

" Is this practice of false swearing very com-
 " mon in your country, Mr. Gillybourn,? says I.

" Not so common as formerly," replies he,
 " thanks to the good sense and integrity of our
 " late judges. Time was, when we were very
 " famous in this branch of commerce, and sup-
 " plied the English courts as well as our own;
 " but at present, I believe they are full our
 " match both in number and intrepidity. • Yes,

“ yes, Irish evidence has been in great esteem,
“ and was even something in my memory. When
“ I was clerk at Dublin a civil cause was heard
“ in the common pleas---a matter of testament,
“ The plaintiff’s attorney was an able fellow.
“ His business was to overthrow a will made some
“ years before the testator’s death; and no way
“ so easy as to establish another. Accordingly
“ he proved to the satisfaction of the court, a
“ will made of later date.”

“ Now had the defendant’s attorney happened
“ to have been affected with honesty, and sought
“ only to confirm the true and only will, the
“ cause had been lost. But he was a wily old
“ fox. He knew, possibly from sympathy, how
“ the matter would be managed per contra, and
“ he provided accordingly—That is to say, he
“ caused a third will to be produced, dated
“ three days only before the testator’s death,
“ and established the same by full”---

“ Counsellor Harland! you say, Mr. Gilly-
“ bourn;” says Sir John Amington, starting as
if from a dream.

“ Sir!” replies the lawyer.

“ You were just mentioning Counsellor Har-
“ land.”—

“ I did name the gentleman’s name, Sir John,
“ about half an hour since.”—

“ And

"And he is now in town?"

"Certainly."

"Will you be so obliging, Mr. Gillybourn, to excuse the Marquis and me this evening. Sir Robert Fitzakerley sups with us. The hour draws nigh. We have particular business. To-morrow morning Sir, we will wait upon you."

Sir John said this with an air so civil and so courteous, that Mr. Gillybourn did the honors of his own departure with very little confusion. Amington wrote a note immediately to the Judge, requesting him to bring the Counsellor with him, if possible. They came. The tale was told. It commanded faith. Harland confirmed the story of Phelim O'Nurd. The plan was laid for managing the cause; and the event you know. I am weary, St. Flos, and becoming sententious. If I had at this instant the account of a victory to send, I should do it in Cæsar's way of *Veni—Vidi—and so forth.*

Adieu,

ST. CLAUDE.

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Kilkenny.

I Know your heart, my dear Osborne; I am sure it is interested in the cause of Miss Warren. I make no apology therefore for giving you a summary, for it can be only a summary, of a pretty long conversation I had with this very extraordinary young lady, at the visit I mentioned in my last.

On returning her Sir Robert Fitzakerly's letter, she thanked me again for the concern I had taken in her welfare.

"To me, Miss Warren, you owe no more than a very common office of humanity. I could not hear your story from the tender Miss Clare without being convinced of its truth; I could not believe without a wish to assist. You must not consider it as an obligation to you. A man that asserts the rights of distressed innocence, does honor to himself."

"If we defer to be grateful," replies she, "till we are assured our benefactor receives no emolument for benevolence, no applause from
"with-

“without, no exultation from within—Gratitude would be flow indeed. Am I the less obliged, because your mind, Sir John, takes a pleasure in goodness?”

“Be as grateful as you will, Miss Warren, so long as gratitude is a pleasing, not an oppressive sensation. The moment it gives you pain I disclaim all title to it.”

“Sometimes,” says she, the tear moistening her expressive eye, “the feeling heart will exalt a pleasure into pain, as mine does now.” Oh Osborne! the fascinating power of beauty, when combined with excellence!

“But do not, Miss Warren, in thus rewarding my small share of casual merit, do not forget the superior claim of Miss Clare.”

“When I forget Miss Clare,” replies she, “I have forgot myself. Her infinite kindness to me, added to her intrinsic goodness, must, whilst I have memory, make her my heart’s dearest object. With respect to her, Sir John, I have no words that can express my feelings. For me, she has drawn upon herself the anger of a father, and braved the resentment of her friends. For me, she is now insulted by confinement, and obliged to bear the persecution of a man most odious to her. May Heaven
“release

“ release her from it ? and reward her as she deserves !”

“ Your reciprocal friendship does you mutual honour. May the fruit of it be perpetual pleasure !”

“ Alas ! no, Sir John ; all is lost but the heart-felt remembrance. Since I must live, the great lesson of my life, must be resignation to its various events. A separation from my Aurelia, afflicting as it is, must be the first fruits of my new existence.”

“ Such, Miss Warren, are the vicissitudes of life, this separation may be short.”

“ It is impossible to cherish that hope. I must now learn to forget the soothing dreams of life. Happy if I can find sufficient equanimity to contend against the evils that will probably be my lot.”

“ I should be sorry to find you addicted to despondency. What are the evils you most fear ?”

“ The evils that I expect, are poverty and servitude. The evils that I fear are servility and dependance. I know not if the first deserve the name of evils, but long habits of affluence and elegance are bad preparations.”

“ Is it that you are pre-determined to reject the kind offices of friendship, that you lay
“ your

“ your account in poverty and servitude ? Or do
 “ you suppose the milk of human kindness is not
 “ to be found amongst us ? ”

“ I am far from supposing humanity extinct.
 “ If I could condescend to beg, I know not but
 “ I might obtain sustenance. If I could stoop
 “ to flatter, I know not but I might obtain su-
 “ perfluity. But I have a mind to be supported
 “ as well as a body. If I lose my own approba-
 “ tion,—when the hand of adversity strikes,
 “ in what resource can I find consolation ? ”

“ In none. But why is self approbation to be
 “ lost, by an acceptance of the courtesies of ci-
 “ vil life ? and how could the human heart’s best
 “ gift, heaven-born benevolence, exist, if it had
 “ no subjects for its action ? Do you find any de-
 “ basement of mind, in accepting the little pre-
 “ sent from the venerable judge ? ”

“ No, Sir John ; I accept it with grateful hu-
 “ mility. It requires no payment but of simple
 “ gratitude. Yet pecuniary obligations are ge-
 “ nerally debasing things.”

“ Are they not what the mind makes them ? ”

“ How shall I venture to reason with you Sir
 “ John ? yet to me it seems, that the mind is
 “ not perfectly free upon these occasions. I fear
 “ that this kind of obligation commonly degrades
 “ the

“the receiver in the esteem of others; and
 “when we know that esteem to be once lost, is
 “there not some danger that we shall no longer
 “endeavour to deserve it?”

“Yes, my fair philosopher, the desire of esteem is the firmest human basis on which virtue can be built.—This I can grant without acknowledging the debasing power of pecuniary obligations.”

“Perhaps there may be exceptions; all depends upon circumstances; yet, be they what they may, does it not appear to you that an independant mind will not soon be easy under the sense of obligation?”

“You refine too much, Miss Warren; may I take the liberty of asking whether you were subject to these disquieting delicacies with the good Mrs. Lingard?”

This question perhaps was too unguarded; it awakened a train of ideas of the most melancholy and distressing nature.—They were too much for her, and she burst into tears.—Sensible of my error, I seized her hand with an involuntary motion, and at that instant would have given the world to have recalled my words.—“My dear Miss Warren,” said I, “I meant not to dis-
 “tress

“ tress you—I am concerned, and angry with
 “ myself for having asked the question.”——

“ Oh! Sir John,” returned she, a little recovering herself, “ you have a right to ask me
 “ any thing. When I first knew Mrs. Lingard,
 “ I was a slave, and what was worse, in hourly
 “ danger of dishonour.—My father two months
 “ before, had been dragged from me as a traitor
 “ to the state—most probably cut off from life,
 “ a victim to avarice and revenge; his fortune
 “ seized and given up to plunder and rapacity.
 “ In this situation Mrs. Lingard stretched out
 “ her generous arms to receive me, and I rushed
 “ into them, as if she was a guardian angel sent
 “ from heaven for my deliverance. Though safe
 “ under her protection, it was some time before
 “ my terrors were sufficiently abated, to admit
 “ of the powers of reflection; but when they
 “ were in some measure restored, my kind benefactress
 “ seemed changed to the tender mother, and we were so linked together by the
 “ tenderest affection, as to preclude all other
 “ feelings.—Alas! I had no other parent; she
 “ was all the world to me—the most exalted,
 “ the most liberal, the most affectionate of women!
 “ —But I beg pardon Sir John,” continued she, sobbing, “ indeed, indeed, had you
 “ known

"known her, known all her goodness to me, you would forgive—"

"Forgive!" interrupted I, "how amiable is this sorrow! can you pardon me for having excited it?"—She replied only by turning her glistening eyes upon me, with a smile of such benignant sensibility as pierced me to the heart. —Finding my eyes beginning to fail me, I arose, and begging permission to renew my visit, which she said, "would do her honour," with the utmost regret, tore myself away.

O Osborne! this is a charming woman! how faint is the picture I have given you of her merit! how poor a transcript of her mind is in the power of words, of my words at least, to convey.

* * * * *

I supped with Sir Robert Fitzakerly, who perceiving, I suppose, that I spoke of Miss Warren with warmth, gave me some exceeding good cold advice about love and prudence; to which I replied in strains philosophical, breathing the very soul of chastity and snow. You know, my dear Osborne, that, at love, as a passion which bombards reason, and levels all its defences to the ground,—I laugh. What can be more preposterous than its effects upon you, whom

whom it has changed from a fine sprightly fellow, into what the ladies call a Mope ; for these gentle creatures never will allow that Sophocles or Euripides, or indeed any thing but themselves, can ever give a man animation. The nature of the action of this creeping, insnaring, insidious rascal, this love, upon mortal bodies, I have studied, theoretically. I have seen him play many a *capriccio* in very scientific heads, and many a heart of oak ; and all for want of centinels. My domains he is free to enter, but always in open day-light, and under the conduct of caution, or of prudence, or some other guard whom chief governor Reason shall please to order upon this duty.

This arrogance, the Marquis tells me, as you have done before, I shall pay for one day ; but I consider you, as one subdued, and tamed to slavery ; and the Marquis, as having as fine a French disposition to it, as Cleopatra herself would have desired.

Nothing would serve this vivacious friend of mine, yesterday on the conclusion of the trial, but to mount his horse, and ride post to carry the news to Miss Clare. As he would arrive in the evening, and be a most unwelcome, perhaps a forbidden guest, to the master of the family, I advised

advised him to stop at the inn, two miles short, and wait upon Miss Clare in the morning.

“And so lose the reward of being the first relater of agreeable tidings? Adieu, Sir John, commend me to your Melpomene.”

I have disagreeable news of Lord Bembridge ---born to be your plague and mine.

For the present,

Dear Osborne,

Farewell.

JOHN AMINGTON.

TO SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

Bramington, Suffolk.

CURSED luck, Sir John! A damned rascal of a groom has drawn me in for 4000 guineas--- for conscience sake. It was the best concerted plan in the world. Six horses started. Pompey and Scipio, betwixt whom the contention lay, nearly matched. Agreed in the club the evening before that Pompey should win, and orders given accordingly. Sported 4000. Scipio's rider, an infamous scoundrel, pushed for it the last distance

tance and got it. When we called him to an account, he had the insolence to tell us, that he preferred his honor to every thing, and never would run booty whilst he lived.

I shewed you the plan of alterations for Bravington-hall. The workmen go on with great spirit, having almost compleated the left wing, but the undertaker pushes hard for 2000*l.* and I am quite out. I shall be obliged to you to lend me 6000*l.* Indeed I know you will; and am

Your obliged Brother,

BEMBRIDGE.

TO LORD BEMBRIDGE.

Antrim, Ireland.

My LORD,

YOUR last favour found me at Antrim. It is possible, the requisition you do me the honor to make me in it, intitles me to a bare affirmative or negative only; and not to animadversion. But you are my sister's husband; and for her sake, if you will not for yours, permit me to take an interest in your welfare. Besides it would be unpolite

polite to refuse your Lordship, without assigning my reasons.

It is true, you did shew me your plan of improvements, but your lordship may remember it was far from having my approbation. I was even free enough to tell your lordship it was capricious, because it was needless. You may add to the magnitude of the most capacious house upon earth; but it will be difficult to add to the beauty of your truly venerable structure. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of the gothic kind, and in point of convenience exceeds almost any thing I have yet seen. The wealth of the Indies can do no more for it, than change a gothic into a grecian beauty.

Had your lordship's necessities been created by public or private virtue, you should not have found me slow to relieve them. But gaming, one of the greatest pests of society, I abhor. You are a peer of the realm, my lord, and should know your order was instituted for far different purposes. To stand, the grand barrier betwixt the crown and the people—to be the bulwark of the prerogatives of both—to run a race of glory—not a match at Newmarket. To be addicted to the turf, or the cockpit, even for amusement, is no great ornament to nobility; but

but to stoop to an intimate acquaintance with the very frauds of these debasing arts!—What shall I say, my lord!—An English peer who make these arts his principal, or only study, can be nothing in the scale of public utility.

To refuse your lordship under the pretence that I have no superfluous cash at command, would be false; and I have not yet descended to falsehood; but to lend it for such purposes, would be an injury to my own feelings—to the community—and yourself.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Friend and Brother,

JOHN AMINGTON.

To

To Sir JOHN AMINGTON:

Brightelmstone.

Sir JOHN,

INSTEAD of an order upon your banker for 6000*l*. I have received a sermon—a damn'd good piece, faith; but calculated for the New Englanders, amongst whom, I suppose, you imbibed the notions. I intend to preach it at Brookes's and publish it by subscription. There are some free things in it too—damn'd free—but you are a philosopher, and a parson. No resenting any thing *they* say. "You are my friend and my brother." Let us see the proof. Send me the money, and I agree to it with all my soul. Damn it—you can't doubt the validity of my bond. Send it—and I am

Your Friend and Brother,

BEMBRIDGE.

Lady BEMBRIDGE to Sir JOHN AMINGTON.

Brightelmstone.

MY dear, wife, philosophical brother, what a singular head you have ! Full of virtue within, and unpowdered without ; it is a double phenomenon. How curious its productions ! My active Lord did me the honour to ride post from Bramington, to shew me your precious epistle from Antrim. Not but it is well spelt, and may be good grammar for ought I know. In former times it might be good sense too—but in the twenty-third year of the reign of George the third, by the grace of God, which still keeps its place upon English guineas, and may be heard of in the liturgy——such a *Morceau* ! and by a man of rank ! The critics, dear Brother, say, that without due regard to time, place and person, no piece can have any value. But certainly this is not the time, nor England the place for moral preachments ; and for the person ! you might as well have preached it to

the good giant Cormac, who lies fast asleep under his own causeway, as the antiquities of the County of Antrim must have informed you. I always understood it, Brother, to be an incontestible maxim, that you should conform to the customs and manners of the people with whom you live. Your precepts directly controvert this maxim. Lord Bembridge's fortune and quality, place him amongst the folk of rank and fashion. Now the folk of rank and fashion frequent Newmarket, fight cocks, build, plant, game, and run in debt; and must my spirited Lord be debarred the privileges of nobility, only because he did you the honour to marry your sister? And what would you have him do? Oh! — "stand betwixt the crown and the people!" And so he does, I think. But then you would have him harangue the house upon the dignity and integrity of past times; and oppose the court; and make protests: Waste the midnight lamp in projects for his country's good; banish luxury, taste, and fashion; build churches, or endow an hospital; and restore the reign of miracles and mince-pyes. Dear Brother, banish these whims; come amongst us, and enjoy your five senses. Do as other people

people do. Above all, lend my lord this 6000*l*. because he is really in distress; and makes a point of obliging you with the offer of it, for my sake. Adieu. Write like a gentleman to

Your affectionate Sister,

EMILIA BEMBRIDGE.

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Lord BEMBRIDGE.

Roscommon.

I HAVE your's, my Lord, from Brighthelmstone. Politeness requires I should acknowledge the receipt, otherwise there is nothing in it I can or will presume to answer. There seems indeed to be something like a menace—But it is easy to mistake your Lordship's meaning. If I am right I can only assure your Lordship, you have mistaken your man. At any rate you have not hit upon the true point of persuasion.

Your most obedient,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Lady BEMBRIDGE.

Roscommon.

THERE was a time when my Emily, my sweet and gentle Emily possessed all the milder virtues of her sex ; when her mind was the residence of piety and beneficence, and her breast, of all the social affections. And has my Emily really bartered these away, and got only fashion in exchange ? Is it possible there can be any pleasures in the power of this idol to bestow, which can recompense my sister for the loss of those which flow directly from the heart ? How unhappily have I been deceived ! I thought the sciences, the arts, had claimed you for a patroness ; that meek-eyed contemplation “ had marked you for her own.” I thought your gentle bosom formed for love—for friendship—for fraternal affection—for pity and benevolence. I thought you a solid column, on which I might safely build my fond structure of happiness—and to the last hour of my life must I regret the
causes,

causes, be they what they may, that have stolen away the base of this beautiful fabric, and tumbled the lovely edifice into ruins.

I may exclaim with poor Ophelia, "Oh, "what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" Alas! my Emily! my heart bleeds for you and for myself. The time will come, when——No, ——may it never come——May my Emily be always happy——this in time will lessen the fond regret of

Her affectionate Brother,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Lady BEMBRIDGE to Sir JOHN AMINGTON.

Brighthelmstone.

THERE was a magic in your letter, my dear brother, which brought back to my remembrance my girlish days, and poured an unusual flow of softness into my heart. I sat down and wept; I lost my relish for the assembly, whither I was dressed to go. I spent the evening at home—alone—and gave myself up to your meek-eyed contemplation. I compared my present mode of living, with my former; dress, gaiety, and dissipation, with tranquillity and affection. Almost I preferred the latter. I went to rest. Asleep or awake, I was unhappy. I rose early. The clock had scarce struck eleven. A few dear agreeables called in upon me at one—found my case nervous—prescribed the public walks—the three o'clock concert—the evening assemblies. I took the prescription, and returned to perfect sanity in three days.

And

And now, my dear Sir John, let us reason the matter. There was a time when I was a profound philosopher, as you are now. I read perpetually---not novels and romances---but the best books---or such, as wise and learned people were pleased to call so. Locke, who taught me to think; Hurd, who taught me to believe; Hume, who taught me to doubt; and the Bishop of Cloyne, who taught me that every thing was nothing, and the world a dream.

Full of the idea that right and wrong, and good and evil, and virtue and vice, were real, eternal, and immutable, my Aunt Jervaise insisted upon shewing me the live creatures of the metropolis. "This child," says she, "will be lost. She sees no one capable of giving her the least instruction." Wearied by her clamour my father at last consented; and my aunt, after enriching me with advice, the burden of which was not to shew my learning, carried me to London. This precept I was seldom under any temptation to break, for during the first winter I do not remember to have heard any conversation started, except the politics of the day, the scandal of the day, the dress of the day, and the diversion. I must own I thought

this was insipid, and once or twice ventured to tell my aunt so. My aunt was angry, and consigned me over to the sprightly Miss Dulavy, who was a toast, and a wit, and had an incomparable talent for dress. Wisdom in this case, was no match for wit, and I found I lost ground at every attack. Operas too, and masquerades, and dear quadrille, and diamond sprigs, all combined against poor wisdom, who at last fairly gave up the ghost, and left me to be happy, as well as I could. The following summer Lord Bembridge did me the honour to solicit my hand. I did not at that time know that my Lord disdained to sully his own unclouded understanding with the conceptions of other men's brains---Hoyle and Heber excepted---but I knew he was a man of fire and spirit and ton; that he had very fine equipages, dressed with very fine taste, talked familiarly of very fine people, and despised all accomplishments but his own. Besides, my Lord was so full of life and vivacity that he never gave me time to look at any thing but his outside. His visits were always short, his train splendid, and he created so much bustle and hurry, that he fairly rattled himself into my affections.

Poor

Poor Osborne! I paid the tribute of many a sigh to his acknowledged worth. Had I compared the men only, the contention would have been early decided in his favour.

Immediately after our marriage we set off to Bramington to spend the autumn months; and of the first eighty days, I believe my Lord indulged me with his agreeable company, and that of the county of Suffolk, thirty at the least. The rest was Newmarket. I complained---my Lord sung; I cried---he laughed. At length arrived the happy hour of going to London; the sweet comfort of all my troubles---I rejoined the dear agreeables, who soon convinced me that pleasure was the great end of life, and perfect liberty the great end of marriage.

It was sometime however, before I could get rid of the disagreeable habit of reflection; but reflection is an enemy to beauty; and mine was friendly, neither to beauty nor happiness. In short, my lot was cast; I had myself thrown the irreparable die; and there remained no alternative but to become a woman of fashion,---or a martyr.

After all, dear Brother, what does it signify whether I am happy in your way, or in the way

of the world? When you have pored away eight hours of the day, in search of wisdom,—have you found it? Folly, brother, may be concealed in a folio, as well as a masquerade. If I contract levity and a spirit of expence, are not you in danger of contracting the oddities of a solitary and the spirit of avarice?

Though I complained of my Lord's behaviour, when my ignorance of ton made me construe it into neglect,—Now, that I am better versed in polite life; I find him one of the best husbands in the world. I always mean, *my world*, brother. Since I have left off pouting, he spends three or four hours a week with me, quite in a friendly way. And as to my expences, they are the very last things, except my gallantry, that he would trouble himself about. Nor has he any cause that I know of; for, exclusive of housekeeping, which being a partnership business, cannot be separately estimated, I don't think my own proper equipages, my own proper servants, with cloaths and jewelery and the proper *et cætera* of a lady of quality, for I confine my play debts within my pin-money, lie my lord in much more than 3000*l.* a year. This is a particular in which fine ladies are true philosophers. When lady * * 's coach was
seized

feized at Ranelagh—"N'importe," says she, "get me a hack." And I appeal to you, brother, whether this *nonchalance* be not better than the heart-ach. My dear Sir John, your philosophy is too gloomy. I believe you call it the Stoic. But Epicurus, they tell me, was quite as wise a man, as Zeno. Put money in your purse, brother; and come, and tread paths far removed from the haunts of spleen, with

Your wiser Sister,

EMILIA BEMBRIDGE.

Sir

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Lady BEMBRIDGE.

Kilkenny.

SO far, my dearest Emily, from wishing to subtract from your too small sum of happiness, my most earnest desire is to increase it. Whether alone or in company, asleep or awake, in action or reflection, I would have you happy---truly and permanently happy. If you can lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me you are so now, I give up the contest—not indeed without a sigh to find dissipation and folly, capable of giving the rewards of wisdom and virtue.

But this stile is too severe. I am in danger, if I construe right, of being taken for a penurious rustic, a sour cynic, or a canting methodist. A sister ought to know a brother better.

No, my Emily, I am not an enemy to pleasure. No fine lady can enjoy the music of an opera more than myself, and in the best representations of the theatre, I have a still superior enjoyment. I have no violent objection to a well-conducted masquerade. Even your coteries,

ries, your Ranelaghs, your routs, your drums—I condemn them not—though insipid, they have their uses in polished society. But I condemn them when they are perverted from their original designations, relaxation and amusement; I condemn them when they become the business of life; and usurp the empire of the heart. How many gentle maids have these things, when these things became a passion, converted into ungente wives? How many children have they robbed of a mother's fondness? How many parents of the duties of a child?

But what, my Emily, shall I say of gaming? that universal concomitant of dissipation! that murderer of time! that perverter of chastity! that destroyer of female softness, of social affection, and all true feminine amiability! Do not mistake me, Lady Bembridge, it is not the innocent amusement of a game at cards that I brand with this detestable name. It is the passion—the rage of play—the evil spirit which takes possession of the woman—which turns beauty into deformity, rank into ridicule, and, when its venom is least malignant, a lady of fashion into a lump of insignificance.

And

And what demon, my Emily, clouded your understanding, when you could find no other alternative for a disappointment, but folly or martyrdom? Have wisdom, science, contemplation, lost their wonted powers? The tenderness of your heart did not meet a correspondent tenderness in Lord Bembridge; nor the sublimity of your mind a correspondent sublimity. You were grieved to find him neither possessing these excellencies himself, nor regarding them in you—and your grief was just. But was it just that *you* should value them no longer? Is the intrinsic worth of diamonds diminished because they happen to be viewed by ignorant beholders? Would you have held corporeal advantages in as low estimation? Would you have destroyed that fine symmetry of shape had my Lord been blessed with a protuberance of shoulder? or have changed the beautiful rotundity of those sparkling eyes, had my Lord been myopical?

I am insensibly sliding into argument, when I meant only an appeal to your feelings, to your affections. If these are gone over to the enemy, reason must inevitably fail. I quit the subject therefore, painful to me, and not extremely agreeable to you.

Let

Let me now speak to you concerning the loan which my Lord asks so cavalierly. I will put myself, Lady Bembridge, intirely into your hands. Determine for me, but determine after reflection. Is it for Lord Bembridge's true interest, that he should have it? Is it for your's? If you cannot answer either of these questions in the affirmative, answer me only, whether it is your wish? My sister shall find, how more than money, I value her gratification.

Your brother, my Emily, has turned Knight Errant in his travels, and rescued a damsel from the jaws of a fell monster oppression. Her story is too long for a letter. She has beauty and merit; but wants fortune, and above all, protection. Shall I claim your's for her, Emily? She has humility enough to be your servant; but I fear she has not understanding enough for that important post. Can you condescend to receive her as your companion, and treat her tenderly, for my sake? Once she rolled in affluence, great as my sister's, and received a suitable education. If she would have disgraced your patronage she should not have had my recommendation.

If the proposal displease you, Emily, be frank, be explicit; assured that I shall be better pleased
with

with your refusal than acceptance, unless it meet your intire approbation.

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Kilkenny.

I INCLOSE you, dear Osborne, copies of a series of letters which have passed betwixt Lord and Lady Bembridge and myself. You will perceive in them, that my sister is not yet totally callous to all the finer feelings, and that it is possible she may be still preserved. But who can administer the antidote to the poison she hourly takes in at her eyes? It is death to all the affections of my heart to associate with Lord Bembridge. I am not courtier enough to take a man cordially by the hand, whom my heart rejects; nor stoic enough to see without resentment my sister treated with indifference, and her once elevated mind stript of principle, and sunk to the level of those parrots of fashion, who imitate every thing, but what is worthy imitation. The sensations I feel when I think of

of this worthy brother-in-law, convince me of the necessity there is that we should keep far enough asunder. But what I cannot do, it is probable Miss Warren can. I have now, my dear Osborne, had a fortnight's familiar intercourse with this enchanting woman. How to praise her I know not; for the terms in common use, either will not apply to her at all, or they are too feeble to express my conceptions. She is beautiful; but in this particular, she may perhaps be equalled and even excelled by many. But her equal in understanding, Osborne, in probity of heart, in equanimity and sweetness of temper——where is that to be met with?

I do not indeed know that she will accept the offer I intended to make her of living with Lady Bembridge; but I know that if I can bring it about, it may have happy consequences. My sister, indeed, at first will look down upon her. In a little time she will find herself unable to despise her. The next step of the progress will be unwilling admiration——and the last, love—for to be intimate with, and not to love her, seems to be impossible—even for a woman.

You will probably ask me, since she stands so very high in my opinion, why my praise of her is

is so cool to Lady Bembridge? It is because I think I know something of the sex—I believe I ought to say human nature—too great praise is a bad letter of recommendation.

It is possible also, you may suspect these warm eulogiums may not be the pure effect of sober-headed reason. A few days since, I should have abused you for this suspicion. Like a thousand other foolish fellows, who value themselves upon their mental powers, I thought I could always command *quantum sufficit* of philosophical oil, to smooth the waves of passion. At love, as a domineering power, I smiled internal contempt.—Now!—

Osborne! I am going to expose my naked heart to your inspection, and discover some tainted parts which have hitherto escaped your penetration. Use your rights. If you know not to reprove as well as commend, you know not the better, kindlier prerogatives of friendship.

Desirous that Miss Warren's mind, might as much as possible recover its wonted tone, I endeavoured some days subsequent to my last letter, that our conversations should run upon general subjects of science and manners, avoiding all retrospect of the past, and consideration of
the

the future. I discovered in these conversations, a solidity of genius, and delicacy of taste, that I was far from suspecting. There is generally, in man or woman, a swelling consciousness of these qualifications, which happily serves to keep admiration within tolerable bounds. In Miss Warren, on the contrary, there is a very visible unconsciousness; and the most perfect diffidence, combined with the sweetest and most winning modesty of sentiment, as well as manners, that ever met my observation.

In the case of Miss Clare also, a young lady treated most harshly by her father, and indignant-ly by Mr. Connor, I could not avoid seeing her bosom heave with all the glow of friendship; and on several occasions, have been witness to a benevolence that, like the sun, warms as far as its rays can reach.

Osborne! it is virtue to love her! and I am virtuous. It is not for this I deserve or fear your reprehensions. It is for listening a moment to the base suggestions of a pitiful group of passions, with the pride of blood at their head. My temper, as you well know, is formed to be happy, not in the glare of public, but in the shade of private life. Some happiness I must draw from the cultivation of science; some, from the intercourse of worthy friends, with whom I can
form

form cordial attachments ; but my supreme felicity must arise from a wife, whose habits are domestic, whose understanding is cultivated, and whose spirit is as quiet as my own.

Chance or my propitious genius, has led me to this identical woman, whom in the pure regions of Britain I might have searched for, half a century in vain. A woman, superior to the fondest portrait my imagination, glowing with ideas of fancied perfection, has ever been able to paint a woman, in whom I could with fullest confidence, rest my whole hopes of happiness—nor fear a disappointment.

But pride, pride !—And what will the world say ?—That Sir John Amington, a man of great fortune, and, Oh ! Vanity ! fine accomplishments ; the sole support of an ancient and honourable house, has tainted his family honours with a wife of no fortune—no extraction—and to crown all——from a jail !

Yes, Osborne ! I had not only the meanness to attend to these pitiful suggestions, but to be influenced by them—influenced to make this lovely woman proposals——curfed proposals——They are too recent, and too recently answered to bear the review of them patiently. Spare me, dear Osborne ! a few days will enable me to give you the whole.

JOHN AMINGTON.

The Marquis de St. CLAIR to the
Count de St. FLOS.

Kilkenny.

IT is very true, *Monsieur le Comte*-----the Queen of France, as far as the eye can see is the pink of prettiness-----and the Emperor Joseph is an exquisite man; whom the Pope speaks well of, as the hackney coachmen of Paris did formerly. And the Queen's colour is a charming colour; and the Emperor Joseph at the head of 200,000 armour-bearers, may cut a majestic sort of man-slaughtering figure.---And you make conquests---and find my sister *assez bien*-----and if she connubes with the venerable Roncour, you will do yourself the honour to offer yourself for her first-----arrangement. All which is very well, and very regular, and according to the forms. And so it is a full proof, my falling in love in Ireland, that I accommodate myself to any barbarisms that lie in my way; for what the devil can an Irish girl know, except praying and pudding-making, and such-like grand-motherly goodnesses?

It

It is true, St. Flos ; the Irish ladies have not quite so fine a variety of follies, as the ladies of Paris ; but it is not necessary to abuse people too much---they are pretty well. Miss Clare, I must confess, gives into the moral habits rather beyond the mode *here* ; at Paris, she would be quite indecent ; but then she has not seen life. You will have the goodness, for my sake, my dear Count, to give her the *ton* of the day, before she is introduced into the circles, and assist her in her first---*arrangement*. This, you know, is an affair of the first magnitude ; it fixes character, and therefore ought to be conducted *selon le bel usage*. If Madame de Roncour and you, happen to have your first ardours a little upon the turn, possibly you yourself may undertake this great duty of friendship ; and I may embrace you for it---or cut your throat, according to the predominance of French or English sentiment.

But this is premature. I do not yet possess the lady's person ; and as to her mind, I can only guess at it from the intelligence of a pair of fine hazel eyes ; for she has got the government of the tongue, a rare perfection in women, to admiration.

As

As soon as the court broke up after the trial of Miss Warren, I was impatient to be the first relater of the happy tidings; I remembered what Cleopatra said to the messenger who brought her bad news from Antony; "How ugly thou look'st fellow!" so by the rule of contraries, I thought myself sure of looking handsome as an angel; no trifling advantage say the wise ones.—I took post-horses therefore, spurred them with love, and was received by the trembling agitated fair, alone in a parlour. I happened unfortunately that day, not to have looked into Seneca or Epictetus, or any cool-blooded moralist; so I had only my own stock of wisdom to depend on. I poured the flood of joy all at once upon her, and the Lady rewarded me by sinking insensible into my arms. Monsieur Crebillon, in some of his night scenes, has described this dying in one's arms, as a very rapturous business; I was in extasy, sure enough, but not of bliss. I bore the lovely corpse to a couch, and having placed her in the best attitude I could, ran manfully off. The house happened not to be one of those magnificent mansions in which a man may lose himself for a day or two. I found the kitchen immediately, and in it a pair of females, whom I dragged, for I could not speak

speak intelligibly, towards the parlour. The girls began a part of the burial service, known by the name of the Irish howl; of power to wake the dead, if any thing has that power. It recalled Miss Clare to life, and produced a sound from the adjoining room, something like that of an English Cur quarrelling with himself about a bone. This was the old gentleman, who exerted himself more than the dignity of the gout allows, and came hobbling along with the momentum of a tortoise. The little of his growling that struck the ear articulately, appeared to be a few Irish benedictions bestowed upon the maids; but he became perfectly intelligible when he saw his pallid daughter; and myself "hanging over her enamoured." Here was a fine opportunity to shine in buskined dignity. The pride, the anger, the disdain, was enough for any hero; but there was a little failure in point of language. "Hah! by the Gods! What demon blasts my sight! What art thou? Speak." This would have been something---but, "Hah! what the plague! Relly---What's all this, Relly? "Who the devil are you?" has nothing but simple truth to recommend it.

"It

"It is the Marquis of St. Clair, Sir," replies Miss Clare, feebly. "Well! and what does he want? what's his business, ha? come a courting I suppose—Yes, yes; any thing, or any body to vex and cross me—A Marquis too! why they're all Marquisses in France—Have it for asking for—Take it without—"

"Sir, he is one of the gentlemen who saved the life of Mr. Connor."

"Ha! what! is he so? is he so? Well, I protest I should not have known him again. ---Cut a poor figure then."--

"And he has been so good to ride post from Kilkenny, to inform us of the event of Miss Warren's trial."

"Has he so? Well how one may be mistaken! And how went it, Sir? But I need not ask; its plain from Relly's distmals. Ar'n't you ashamed, child? Here Meg, a bottle or two of claret, Meg; and my arm chair. Come Sir, I will have a round or two with you---and damn the gout. I'm a little wanting in civility when I don't know people, because there are so many out of the way people in the world---always laying claim to your friendship and acquaintance,

"Sir, whether you will or no. Come Sir,
 "here's the king of France's good health--
 "Irishmen don't hate Frenchmen, Sir---That
 "plausible insinuating devil there that's going
 "to be hanged, thank God, would have taken
 "10000% out of the family---just as if Mrs.
 "Lingard had no near kin in the world--and
 "there's my daughter there will be 10000% the
 "better for it--and yet the damned fool--but
 "come Sir, here's the Queen of France, and
 "the Dolphin; and pray tell us how the trial
 "went on. Meg fetch my pipe and box---I'll
 "compose myself whilst the gentleman tells us
 "the story of the trial. Judges, Judges, Rel-
 "ly, are terrible things--besure, Relly, you
 "never do any thing to come before a judge.
 "Come Sir," filling his pipe, "let us have
 "the whole trial---I was always fond of hear-
 "ing causes from a child little. Ha! Zooks!
 "but may-hap you mayn't speak much English
 "---but Relly understands French---tell Relly---
 "and let Relly interpret---but damn it---she'll
 "do nothing but cry."

"The Marquis speaks English, Papa."

"That's well, that's well---it's a fine lan-
 "guage---it's worth your learning, Sir, if it
 "was only to read the Dublin Journal. I
 "learnt

" learnt latin in my youth—with a damned par-
 " cel of pronouns and propositions—and what
 " good did it do me? why, I found it a mere
 " dead letter—a mere dead letter, as the law-
 " yers say.—It cost my father a hundred pound,
 " and never got me a farthing. But Irish,
 " Sir, for my money—that's the language—bold
 " and nervous and—and—and—Sir, our Eng-
 " lish governors deserve to be hanged for
 " putting down the old Irish schools. Sir we
 " speak the original Celtic as it was spoke in
 " Julius Cæsar's time. Sir, you don't drink—
 " come Sir, prosperity to France and Ireland
 " —by the bye, I believe we shall be off with
 " England soon—but mum.—Then we shall en-
 " ter into a league offensive and defensive with
 " you, Sir---the Irish don't hate the French---
 " we send you many a brave officer, Sir--and
 " then our Irish brigades---your monarch is
 " very fond of our Irish brigades, Sir---you,
 " and we old Irish, Sir, are of the same reli-
 " gion—the very same, Sir. Our family was so
 " once---but an old aunt converted us, Sir--she
 " had a good many thousands to leave amongst
 " us, and she said the papishes should never be
 " the better for a farthing on't---for her husband
 " had turned her, Sir, and persuaded her the
 " Pope was the whore of Babylon. What of

"that, Sir? What signify outsidcs.--The heart

"---the heart is all.--I believe transubstantia-

"tion yet,--and that the English are all damn'd

"--but mum.--The bottle stands with you,

"Sir."

Have you enough, *Monsieur le Comte*? If you have not, I will do myself the honor to fend you the other nine parts; for as near as I can guess, this is about a tenth of what this eloquent gentleman poured out at a breath. At length I suppose, he began to feel some deficiency in the pulmonary powers, and throwing himself back in his chair, and enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke, he once more desired me to tell him how all and about the bitch who was going to be hanged---for he loved to hear tell of trials from a child little.

"Why you must know, Sir, that when she was brought to the bar, she pleaded not guilty, and all the court wondered at her impudence for she looked as innocent as new milk.

"But the counsel for the prosecution, Sir, gave her a trimming would do you good to hear it.

"He said Cain was but a type of her, and compared her to that old Irish gentleman, I for-

"get his name---that baked his little brother in

"a pye,

“a pye, and served him up to his father and
“mother.”

“Good, good, very good!”

“The first witnesses called were the gentle-
“men of the faculty, for my Lord Judge took
“an odd fancy into his head, of knowing, be-
“fore he tried the prisoner for murder, whether
“any murder had been committed?”

“But these gentlemen set the matter clear in
“a minute, for they proved, Sir, that Mrs.
“Lingard’s stomach was a little like Miss Clare’s
“work-bag, covered at the top; only at one
“corner it was tied to that leather pipe called
“the *Oesophagus*, and in the other to the *Py-*
“*lorus*. Moreover, Sir, being the pot to dress
“our viſuals, it required to be kept warm;
“and for that purpose had four coats, the *tunica*
“*glandulosa*, Sir, and the *tunica nervosa*; these
“two are latin coats, the other I believe are
“greek. Now, Sir, it appeared that the poi-
“ſon was nothing more nor leſs than the *arſe-*
“*nica mineralis*, which has ſo ſtrong an antipathy
“to theſe coats, that it attrites, and lacerates,
“and divellicates them, Sir, till they are no
“longer fit to be worn. Beſides all this, Sir, it
“attacked all the little red globules of blood that
“fell in its way, and pricked them to the

“heart, whereby all the fine elastic fluid got
 “out, and then there was such a horrible up-
 “roar that Mrs. Lingard was under the neces-
 “sity of dying to appease it. The case, Sir,
 “is extremely clear.”

“Clear, very clear.”

“Then, Sir, several witnesses were brought
 “to prove that the prisoner gave Mrs. Lingard
 “this poison; and how the plague should it be
 “otherwise, when not a soul gave her any
 “thing; but herself.”

“True, Sir, very true, an artful devil---
 “kept us all off.”

“Nay, Sir, the prisoner herself confessed
 “it.”

“Did she so? did she so? that’s well---very
 “well.”

“Sir, it was so plain there was no denying it.
 “But the finest fellow that ever I heard at a bar
 “was one Phelim O’Nurd. The man was in-
 “tended by nature for an evidence, and I don’t
 “doubt, but one day or other he will hang his
 “mother if he has one. Sir, his evidence was
 “so compleat and satisfactory that the Judge
 “and jury must have been very unreasonable
 “to have desired any thing farther. But Sir,
 “they

“they did not. The judge summed up the matter briefly, and the jury, laying their heads together fifteen seconds and a half, by my stop watch, brought in their verdict, “NOT GUILTY.”

Though I spoke these two significant words so as to fall upon the ear in the gentlest manner possible, such was their operation, that the old gentleman sprung a full inch from his chair, and stared---like a stuck pig.

I send the best English phrases, *Monsieur le Comte*, and I hope you will have the wisdom to collect them together, turn them into French, and flash away in the circles.

“You speak English well for a foreigner,” says Mr. Clare, recovering from his stupor; “but I suppose you have made a mistake here, “You mean guilty, without doubt.”

“It may be so, Sir. I have had the honour “to learn two or three modern languages, and “I find it very difficult always to distinguish “nicely betwixt a negative and an affirmative; “---especially when a lady speaks.”

“But the woman is to be hanged, is not “she?”

“Faith, it would be a thousand pities, for
“she is a pretty creature; and she speaks like
“an angel. Would you believe it, Sir? there
“was hardly a dry eye in court, male or female,
“when she made her defence, except one gen-
“tleman, who bit his thumbs till his black teeth
“were dyed red. I think they said he was one
“Owrie, a lawyer of Killarney.”

“The devil! Sir, you have the damndest
“way of telling a story that ever I heard in my
“life. Sir, I can neither make head nor tail
“of it. As to Madam’s moving the people
“with her damn’d smooth oily tongue, I don’t
“wonder at that. She had like to have talked
“10000*l.* out of our pocket, and my daughter
“out of her duty, and her senses into the bar-
“gain. A crocodile---a hyena.---And so she
“made you all cry---and where the devil’s the
“justice and integrity and wisdom of a court,
“when it can be set a puling by a smooth-
“tongued-wench? but perhaps it was to see
“such wickedness in such a young thing.”

“Perhaps it was, Sir.”

“But did you hear no talk of the day of exe-
“cution.”

“None

"None at all, Sir."

"Nor when she was to receive sentence?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you know where she went to after trial?"

"The jailor who brought her, conducted her back, as they said, to his own house."

"Oh! did he so? did he so? then I believe we need enquire no further. The point is pretty clear."

The old gentleman now run on ten uninterrupted minutes in a copious strain of exultation, when he was stopped by a distant growling, at the hearing of which, Miss Clare, who had pretty well recovered, instantly turned pale.

Once upon a time, *Monsieur le Comte*, I knew a gentleman, *un maitre à danser*, who kept a pretty mistress, with a tongue, I suppose, not quite so smooth as Miss Warren's. One morning he had rode nine French leagues to his school at Dijon, grumbling betwixt his teeth; and all the answer he gave for the first half hour to the usual salutations, was-----"Damn her-----I'm not married to her-----I'm not obliged to keep her-----She to pretend to controul me-----A man of my consequence! a little mechanic's

"chanic's daughter---" These were the founds articulate; but they were accompanied with a great number of others, just bursting from the lips in clusters, incapable of separation.

Much in the same predicament, I suppose, was Mr. Connor, who now entered the room, not compleatly drunk, and very far from sober, ejaculating these said clusters, intermingled with the articulates "Damn-----Law-----Sink
"-----Justice---Curse-----Amington-----" not directly in this arrangement neither.

"How now Roderic?" says old Clare, "what's the news from Kilkenny?"

"The bitch is quit-----that's all?"

Down went the old gentleman's pipe upon the floor-----

"Hey! why!---what the devil!-----here's a gentleman that tells us, "*Servant Sir,*"--- "*Sir your's,*" tells us I say, that the trial went "all against her, and-----"

"It did---it did. Jack Owrie says, nothing "could have saved her, but bribery and corruption."

"Why how was it, Roderic? let's hear"

"How was it? Why it was all owing to malice---damn'd malice. You remember the
"two

“ two sons of bitches that had like to have
 “ drowned me, by pretending to help me out
 “ of the lake ? One was Sir John Amington, an
 “ Englishman ; and the other a French Mar-
 “ quis. It’s all owing to them. Out of pure
 “ spite to me, they went and told the Judge a
 “ confounded pack of stuff about innocence,
 “ and about perjury, and Phelim O’Nurd ; that
 “ scoundrel, Gillybourn, gave ’em the items,
 “ and bragged on’t ; and now they have got Phe-
 “ lim in jail. But if I catch that Amington, or
 “ that Jam-footering son of a whore-----”

Mr. Connor, like a man of angry importance, pronounced this dreadful menace, striding fiercely across the room, and lacerating the innocent chairs with his furious whip,---“ I’ll teach ’em” says he, “ to mind their business-----”

“ Then you are the very preceptor I want, Mr. Connor,” says I ; “ it is a lesson I never could learn.”

Mr. Connor wheeled to the right about---fixed his terrible eyes upon me, and opened his mouth wide, in order, as I suppose, to obtain a more distinct vision. This genteel attitude he supported one minute, and then politely asked me, who the devil I was?

“ I have

"I have the honour," says I, "to be a French Marquis, Sir John Amington's friend, and a Jam-footering son of a whore."

In the same strain of civility, and always, *pro gratiâ*, accompanied with an oath, he asked what business I had there?

"It gives me pleasure," replied I, "when I can gratify the curiosity of so civil a gentleman. I came to wait upon Miss Clare."

"You be come a courting then, be you?"

"Yes. I came to court Miss Clare to pay a visit to her friend Miss Warren; and you are so good-natured a gentleman, that I dare say, you will join with me in requesting that favour."

"Damn me if I do though. You're off the scent there."

Mr. Connor then began to abuse Miss Warren in the most vulgar and virulent terms; and the old gentleman joined him most cordially. "It is a custom amongst the semi-barbarians---for there are amongst the lesser gentry, some who have not yet taken the polish, to drink confusion, and destruction, and such pretty things, to those they don't like. A genius rises as high as damnation; and Mr. Connor is a *genius*. In

the

the warmth of their zeal, these two eager gentlemen, emptied in ten minutes, two bottles of claret, in pure good wishes for Miss Warren; which opportunity I seized to draw Miss Clare to the window, to whisper in her ear, some salutary admonitions against the demon of terror, which seemed to possess her.

She kindly said it was for me she was afraid; she knew so well the brutal temper of Connor, that she dreaded his violence. She knew not how to ask me to stay all night, and still less to suffer me to go two miles in the dark to an inn, exposed perhaps to Mr. Connor's drunken insolence.

"*Ma chere demoiselle,*" replied I, for we talked in French, which allows rather more liberties than the English,-----"be under no apprehensions on my account. From a man of any respectability, my temper, naturally ardent and impetuous, could not have borne the provocation I have met with; but Mr. Connor is a gentleman I can honour with nothing but contempt. I long indeed to give him a child's chastisement, and with your leave, will; but he is too insignificant to be called upon as a gentleman. As to going to the inn, it

“ it is nothing---I expected it.---Only give me
 “ permission to wait on you, to urge your visit
 “ to Kilkenny-----and-----”

“ Can you think it possible,” says she, “ I want
 “ intreaty to see my dear Miss Warren ? It is
 “ the most ardent wish of my heart. But be
 “ assured, Sir, your appearing to desire it, will
 “ impede, if not make it impossible. Leave it
 “ to me, Sir ; they shall be no slight obstacles
 “ that prevent me.”

“ I am satisfied, Miss Clare, and in a few
 “ minutes will take my leave ; but as the man-
 “ ner of it may not be agreeable, let me intreat
 “ you to retire to your own apartment. I en-
 “ gage my honour, though you may have some-
 “ thing to laugh at, you have nothing to fear.”
 Then kissing her hand respectfully, I pulled
 out my watch, and said aloud in English---“ Miss
 “ Clare, it grows late ; I must take my leave.
 “ Shall I beg the favour of you to order my
 “ servant to be called ? Miss Clare wished me
 a good journey, curtsied, and withdrew.

Mr. Connor eyed me, as Milton's devil did
 Adam when he was *douceur*-ing it in the bower
 with Eve. My impertinent *baïsemains* even cut
 him short in the midst of a bitter Philippic
 against the Judge and the Jury ; and above all,
 Amington.

Amington. The sound of it was still vibrating in my ear, when I made my bow final to Miss Clare; it gave me an opportunity to tell Mr. Connor, as I took my hat and whip, that nothing could be juster than his indignation; for some of these impertinent people had presumed to say, that since they had found out who did not poison Mrs. Lingard, it would not be amiss to find out who did!

It is not necessary, Monsieur St. Flos, that I should dig like a slave in the mines of science, and you pocket the pearls, without touching the pick-axe, or the spade. Let us make a division of labour. Whilst I am penetrating into the *penetralia* of the human soul, dig you into the body, and inform yourself what operation could be going on there, that changed in an instant Mr. Connor's purple nose into a blue, and the deep crimson of his cheeks into a yellow.

As your head is tolerably filled with the moral lumber of the schools, you will tell me perhaps, "it was conscious guilt—or it was conscious innocence—or it was fear—or it was indignation."

Thus young people talk before they have learned to discriminate. I have assigned you
the

the body, and you instantly invade my province, the soul. Trace me the matter materially. My words strike the air—the vibration reaches Mr. Connor's tympanum—thence it gets to the brain—from the brain to the heart—from the heart—Where? How? What? This is your business; and the moment you have performed it to the satisfaction of mankind—if Locke and Malebranche do not shew like gilt two-pences to you, I will be content to provide you wisdom for your own special needs, to the end of your life.

Mr. Connor's *défaillance* lasted but a short time. He recovered the use of speech, and gave me a most eloquent specimen of the Irish vulgar tongue. There was even information in it. I learnt that I was a rascal, and a scoundrel; that I was not better in my own country than a Journeyman Barber; that if I was a lord I was not half a man; and damn him if he had not a mind to give me the best licking I ever had in my life. At the same time, clinching his fist, he gave me the English or Irish sign minatory.

As this was a language I did not understand, I was obliged to confine myself to imitation; I had a childish longing upon me to give him a gentle flagellation; and returning the signal, he

threw off his coat in a moment, and advanced to the battle with an intrepid, though titubating step.

When great events are to be commemorated, the stile should rise. It should be "measured, harmonious and sublime." The direful arm of Ajax was lifted up on high, and aided by the momentum of his body, descended rapidly towards my Adonis face. I saw the impending ruin, and to one versed as I have been in the arts of generalship; to see is to avoid. I took, as says a certain British Commander, a hasty position to the left, leaving an uninterrupted space for the progressive motion of the mighty Man. But, least his own impetus should be insufficient, I assisted it by an application to his right foot. Down fell the immortal Connor; the solid earth shook; and the solid skull encountering the wainscot, each sent forth its own peculiar sound. Three drops of blood fell from his purple nose; three drops, preceding a stream. Thrice I suspended the pliant whalebone over the back of my prostrate foe; thrice he groaned; the high spirit of vengeance yielded to the powers of pity and contempt; and making a low and courteous bow to the ancient Clare, who suspended not his indignant growl, I rushed out of the room mounted

ed my horse, and Victor, gained the inn. There I mitigated the turbulent spirit of conquest by my last dispatches to the Count de St. Flos.

It is easier to conclude, than descend.

ST. CLAUDE.

Lady

Lady BEMBRIDGE to Sir JOHN AMINGTON.

London.

YOU seem to think, my dear brother, when a woman commences fine lady, she loses her philosophy. No---not all at once. I still remember the names and also the busts of several venerable well-bearded antients, whom I have heard my father and you flow over in praise of; in the days of my spinsty; and amongst the rest one Plato, who wore fine silk cloaths, and danced with the ladies at Syracuse; and drank with the king, and persuaded him he was a very great man; and I remember how this Plato, when he was septuagenry I suppose, spun a prodigious common-wealth, from which all evil and evil doers were to be banished.

There was in this time, I imagine, as well as now, certain folk called orators, whose business it was to direct people to the temple of truth. To this temple there was one plain, direct and certain road, called the road of conviction; but it was rugged and uneven, and quite

quite unfit for refined and elegant feet. The orators therefore were obliged to make another—and they made it sweetly up and down—and meandering;—and bordered it with flowers—and aromatics; and furnished it with fine inns for the regale of the passions; till in short, well dressed people would go no other way. But there was a small inconvenience. Error had fabricated a temple as like Madam Truth's as one pea is like another; and had taken an opportunity to strike off from the meanders of this road, a number of inviting paths, embellished with all the powers of fancy, to the gates of it. Now Plato, a great calculator, reckoned up ten that got to the temple of Error, for one to that of Truth; whereupon he issues an edict, that none of these voluble gentry, nor their kinsfolk the poets, nor any who made their application to the senses, instead of the understandings of mankind, should be permitted to set foot within his territories.

“In which predicament, I say, you stand”
For even by your own confession, you make the appeal, not to my reason, but my feelings; and indeed, orator like, had almost brought these over to your party, had I not counteracted the evil influence, by a Platonic investigati-

on of the matter, which has enabled me to answer your interrogatories, wisely I hope as follows.

"Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and say that you are happy, now?"

"Oh yes, dear brother; sparkling with diamonds in the front of an opera box—or when, assuming the insignia of Minerva, I scatter wisdom around me at the Pantheon—or, when a *sans prendre* glads my ravished sight—or—when I am fast asleep.

"Whatsoever," says the profound and elegant preceptor of the *beau monde*, Lord Chesterfield, "it is worth while to do at all, it is worth while to do well." Now let me tell you, Sir John, the amusements and the etiquette of the ton, form a complicated system, which would have puzzled Sir Isaac Newton—a mass of erudition, which Locke would not have got to the bottom of in half a century. Nor can a lady, be her genius what it will, expect to be an adept in this science, unless she studies the theory with all her mind; and enters into the practice, with all her strength. And this I take to be a full answer to your observations upon our coteries, our routs, our Ranelaghs, with all the *et ceteras*.

As

As to the conversion of your gentle maids into ungente wives—Maid or wife, I am gentle as a lamb—"so let the galled jade wince."

The next division of your moral discourse is gaming. Poor gaming! "That murderer of time!" And why? Is any thing killed because it is enjoyed? "That perverter of chastity!" Really brother, you are a little unhappy in your expletives. Why cards, man, are its grand preservers. The purse of a lady indeed may run some hazard by a five hours familiar intercourse with spadille and basto—but chastity none at all. Let her fly this terrible quadrille, and attend as long to the gallant Lord A, the insinuating Sir Henry B. or that warrior Adonis, Colonel C.——"Female softness" indeed may be restored; but will not poor chastity run a little danger?

Oh, but it is not play, but passion, that calls forth all the rage of invective. And is not passion the grand and universal gale that blows the vessel of genius into every harbour? Did man or woman ever yet reach the pinnacle of fame or virtue without it?

But "it turns beauty into deformity; and rank into ridicule." Two absolute errors, dear brother. Say rather, it gives animation to beauty,

beauty, and distinction to rank. Men say of a dunce, he does not know his letters; women, of an untaught country girl, she does not know her peeps. My good Sir John, there is no greater term of ridicule amongst us.

“Have wisdom, science, contemplation, lost their wonted powers?” Not that I know of; or very few others, I believe, of the *grand monde*. They are something unfashionable; and delight to sequester themselves in queer obscure holes and corners; besides they don’t dress in the modern taste, so that one gets ashamed of them?

The rest of your odd questions in this division of your ingenious sermon, I determine all at once in the negative---No---No---No.

Oh, but the loan! “Is it my lord’s interest, you should lend him 6000*l*.?” Upon my word, Sir John, you rather mistake the kind of knowledge ladies of fashion are solicitous to acquire. Shall I refer you for an answer to my Lord’s steward? My Lord himself, I know you think incompetent to the question; but so far I think I can answer; if you refuse him, he will probably be driven amongst the children of Israel, who will squeeze 7 or 8 per cent out of him

him. Certainly, it is his *Interest* to get his money as low as he can.

“Is it *my* interest?” Why, if it is my lord’s, how should it not be mine? Are not the interests of man and wife inseparable?

But I suspect your design in this question is, of a fine lady to make a conjurer; no common metamorphosis; to force me to use the magic of prudential reflection, in order to discover future events. But I have, as well as I could, anticipated this wise project---I have already cast the fortunes of my dear Lord Bembridge and myself---not by the magic glass of prudence---for this glass has the property of reflecting images not very agreeable to a lady of fashion.---No; I had recourse to the modern expedient of a lottery, but done after the manner of old times; I opened a volume of Shakespere at random, and found the decree in an instant.

“The Earth hath Bubbles as the water hath;

“And these be of them.”

The next question, “Is it my wish?” involves a kindness, a tenderness in it, which would be ill repaid by levity. Yes, my dear brother, it is my wish. The money is designed to pay debts incurred in the household department.

ment. Dunning petitions are presented me daily; and my Lord, rather with the crusty humour of the last century, than the polite tone of this, assured me, if I did not get it of you, I should be indulged with an execution. Lend us the money therefore---but let us have no generous carelessness concerning the security.

* * * * *

There is a prodigious difference betwixt pleasing and painful sensations, let Sir John Amington say what he will. I found last night at the Hay-market, a cure for the vapours. Had I sought it amongst the drugs of science or contemplation, possibly it would neither have been so speedy, so palatable, nor so effectual.

This damsel of yours, brother-----is she maid, wife, or widow? I wish it had been consistent with your good pleasure to have been a little more upon the descriptive, and not have laid the whole burden upon my imagination; which at present refuses to furnish me with any idea but of a beautiful, stately, elderly young lady, with unpowdered hair, and a head full of the wisdom of ages---who values herself upon giving good advice to heedless young women---and rails at men, and the wickedness of the times,---very powerful in prayer too perhaps,

and in admonition---a most useful talent---I will take care, she need not hide it in a napkin.

For all this I shall be impatient till I see her, and give her a welcome as warm as my brother's wishes; for however my volatile head may wander, you may trust my heart.

Your sincerely affectionate Sister,

EMILIA BEMBRIDGE.

Sir

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE,

Kilkenny.

TH E precepts of my father, dear Osborne, had for a principal object, the preservation of the mind in a state of tranquility, let the attacks upon its equanimity be what they may. As far as the furious passions of rage and revenge are concerned, every man would wish this practicable; but he who feels not for the sufferings of a friend, will be little apt to partake of his joys; and who would be an Apathist in love? Heretic as you have often called me in the worship of the little deity, I never denied his lawful power; I only detested his tyranny. Now he is endeavouring to exercise this tyranny upon me---to make me pine in solitude---and chant---or howl my distresses to the moon. But here he shall meet a due resistance. I will view my unsuccessful love in the clear mirror of reflection; not to forget the attractive virtues of its object; but to remember her as the friend of my heart; to yield to her requests; and disquiet not my soul in vain.

I 2

I have

I have much to write. A sudden mandate from his mother called the Marquis to Paris immediately after my last. I am alone therefore, and at full leisure to exercise your patience. If Lord Belmour, your excellent uncle, could have spared you a few days,—but I will not ask it—ill as he is, to take away his only comfort, would be a cruelty I will not practice.

The first days of my acquaintance with Miss Warren, as I think I informed you, our conversations ran on in different subjects. Though I wished to hear the story of her life, I durst not ask it, because I would not renew her grief; and though I wished to know her schemes of the future, I did not chuse to anticipate anxiety. When frequent intercourse had produced, as usual, a greater familiarity, I seized a lucky occasion to enter into this latter subject, with the air of a man interested in her welfare. She fetched from her apartment a number of small pieces of painting, principally Eastern landscapes, prettily fancied, and of great merit in the execution. Beside these, melting into tears as she gave them, she put into my hand three small and beautiful portraits—one of her father; another, of Mrs. Lingard; and the third of a middle aged gentleman in a Turkish habit.

“If,”

"If," says she, "I can find a situation in any country where I can live unnoticed, and unmolested, and can gain the little I need by this small approach to the art of painting, and by fine needle-work, I shall have all I now ask in life."

"The hand of affliction has lain heavy upon me; but I hope I have profited by my sufferings.-----If my pride, my vanity, my ambition, are reduced to the level of my fortunes, I may yet be contented, if not happy; for my wants will be few and easily satisfied.-----One consideration only, gives me much concern, which is, that my plan will oblige me to mix more with the world than I like.---To live in obscurity is all I wish---but," continued she, after a moment's pause, "perhaps I may find some poor, but honest person of my own sex; who, to share the profits, may undertake the task of procuring business.-----In London probably I may have the greatest chance of success."

"Permit me," replies I smiling, "to admire the humility of your sentiments; but, at the same time, I must inform you, that you have not yet reached the bottom of Christian low-
I 3
"liness."

“linefs. What think you of becoming a Lady’s
“maid? I dare fay I can get you a place.”

“I want talents, Sir John, and fhall only dif-
“grace your recommendation.”

“I allow your total unfitness, and dare not
“hazard a character of you. But is there not
“in thefe realms of Great Britain and Ireland,
“one Lady who would think herfelf benefited
“by your abode with her as a companion and
“friend?”

“I believe, not one---Many might take me
“out of compaffion, but I muft have inexpress-
“fible good fortune to find a Lady who would
“not make me fenfible of my dependance.”

“Downright satire, Mifs Warren. But you
“know you want only brown bread, clear wa-
“ter, and a thatched cottage, for fo I in-
“terpret your mere exiftence and folitude.
“Now, would it be any prodigious effort of
“generofity in a lady or even a gentleman, to
“enable you to indulge that want?”

“Unconditional generofity, Sir John, is not
“a common quality.”

“True; but its exiftence is at leaft a poffi-
“ble fuppofition, and if it can be found, what
“objection can you have to the action of it up-
“on yourfelf?”

“How

"How may it be distinguished with certainty?"

"Suppose it should appear in the form of an eleemosynary gift from some gentleman or lady whom you never heard of, who could have no inducement but that of rewarding merit?"

"The merit at least should not be doubtful; but supposing it to exist, how would it be known?"

"By the tongue of fame."

"I should suspect it to be Sir John Amington's."

"Suppose it were?"

"I should suspect his to be the generosity."

"Suppose it were?"

"Is he a gentleman I never heard of?"

"Let us change the position; let us allow the generosity not to be perfectly unconditional — are there no terms on which it could be accepted?"

"Will you be so obliging, Sir John, to give me your opinion, if these little pieces of painting have merit sufficient to entitle the artificer to live by them?"

"Yes—No. What am I to understand by this pretty evasion? that Miss Warren's pride is not extinct?—that it is still superior to her

“ good sense ?—when she can determine to sub-
 “ ject herself to labour, to mortification, per-
 “ haps to insult——rather than accept a trifling
 “ benefaction, that would confer honour upon
 “ the giver.”

“ To bear insult, Sir John, without deserv-
 “ ing it, is a lesson I am not totally to learn.—
 “ I have even learnt a more difficult task, to
 “ bear obligation too.—If I could be perfectly
 “ easy under *any* weight of it, you yourself
 “ would scarcely think it conferred upon a de-
 “ serving object.”

“ You are perfectly ingenious in your scru-
 “ ples, Miss Warren ; but your delicacy (par-
 “ don me) exceeds all natural, and even all ar-
 “ tificial bounds.”

“ I cannot think it, Sir John——Besides, how
 “ difficult it is to restore a reputation once lost,
 “ whether by the voice of calumny or truth !
 “ And howsoever generous and unmixed might
 “ be your motives for giving, or innocent mine
 “ might be in receiving, our respective situati-
 “ ons are such as must create suspicion, and
 “ the consequence is easy to imagine. Possibly
 “ some minds, confident in innocence, might
 “ disregard it——mine perhaps is weaker than
 “ it ought.”

“ Yes,

"Yes, I protest I think so. I am angry too,
"that you should be at once so plausible, and
"so wrong,"

"I am sorry for it, Sir John; there is no
"man's anger I would do more to avoid."

"Convince me of it by your practice. Suf-
"fer me to assist you—to be your protector—
"your friend."

"Suffer me to deserve that you should bestow
"this title upon me, by an adherence to my
"own ideas of rectitude.—Suffer me to possess
"my mind in peace—and I know not any good
"in life I should value beyond the acquisition
"of your friendship."

"Inflexible—charming girl! Well then—
"I have a sister—married to Lord Bembridge
"—She will receive you with open arms—
"you shall be *her* friend also."

"If she *is* your sister, Sir John—otherwise,
"the situation of humble friend to a lady of qua-
"lity, is commonly so degrading a servitude.
"-----I scarce know a state I could not better
"endure."

"And this is Miss Warren who flatters her-
"self she has extinguished her pride! You shall
"not be deceived however: You shall have as

“true a portrait of the Lady, as I am able to draw.” Accordingly I drew a true one. It was a little history of my sister; it was a little history of you. She honoured your unsuccessful love with a tear. I hinted my hopes that some beneficial change in my sister’s estimation of pleasures might ensue from their acquaintance. She sighed and shook her head. She must expect to be looked down upon, she said; and wisdom, if she had it, would only seem impertinent. She was sensible however to the goodness of the proposal; it was true, it did not quite correspond with her wishes; yet, if I persisted in my desire, she could not support that inflexibility of mind that would yield to nothing.

Here we rested. I took my leave for that day, as I will of you.

Dear Osborne, Adieu,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

(In Continuation.)

FOR several succeeding visits I did not renew the topics of my last, but left our conversations to the controul of the imagination. I could not always, when a tender sensation came over me, prevent my tongue from giving indication of the feelings of my heart; at first in unpremeditated exclamations; by-and-by, in more continued eulogiums. That fatal afternoon in which the Marquis set off for Paris, when we had taken an unusual freedom with the claret, and the claret had produced a more than usual freedom of sentiment, I flew to Miss Warren for consolation for the loss of my friend. The Marquis himself had that day laboured under more than common oppression, at being obliged to leave Ireland without seeing his beloved Miss Clare; so that his vivacity had given way to an unusual flow of tender sentiment. Nothing can be stricter than the Marquis's *morale* in matters of probity—

probité—but in love, he falls something too much into the sentiment of his nation—and this day had been eloquent in the praise of that love, that genuine, free-born love, that “scorns all human ties.” Now though I could not approve the sentiment, I could not hate the picture---It had too much the ascendant over my ideas, and drew me, impelled me perhaps, into a strain of enthusiasm very little consonant, I hope, to my general character---but something I hope is to be forgiven a young man, a little elevated, and much in love.

The sweet Miss Warren regarded my first fallies with her usual smile of good humour; by degrees she put on a more serious air; and at length interrupted me in the midst of an emphatic period. “Will Sir John Amington have the goodness to stop a moment,” says she, “and help me to translate? The language is new.”

“It is the language of love.”

“I do not know the language of love.”

“Take me for your preceptor. How happy should I be to teach you its genuine feelings!”

“To what purpose should I learn to love?”

“To the purpose of happiness—of rapture.”

Rapturously kissing her hand.

“I have

“ I have not been accustomed to hear the
 “ language of impropriety from your lips, Sir
 “ John. Expressions of gallantry are a kind of
 “ politeness, I believe, which gentlemen think
 “ themselves obliged to use ; an unmeaning most-
 “ obedient-humble-servant-ship ; useless and un-
 “ noticed. But your’s, Sir John, are now,
 “ something more. They are pointed—they
 “ begin to put on the form of importunity—and
 “ lead to consequences—that —”

“ Improve felicity, and create a paradise for
 “ man.”

“ And a purgatory I suppose for woman. You
 “ are a little whimsical to-day, Sir John ; shall
 “ I recommend another subject ?”

“ No ; my head and heart are full of this. I
 “ *must* teach you to love.”

“ I see not the necessity.”

Miss Warren had been sprigging a piece of
 muslin, I dare say for a pattern to be shewn a-
 mongst the London milliners, and to this she
 now applied herself.

“ Love, my dear Miss Warren, is the first,
 “ the principal business of human life. Men
 “ indeed engage in war, in commerce, in law,
 “ in ambition, and in a thousand contentious
 “ things

“ things that serve to multiply plagues upon man-
 “ kind, and fill the world with care. But kind
 “ heaven has given us no poison without its an-
 “ tidote, no disease without a medicine. Love
 “ is our universal *Panacea*—and you, Miss War-
 “ ren, are made for love; formed to create it,
 “ and enjoy its choicest blessings. With such a
 “ woman exile would not be exile, penury
 “ would be wealth, and a prison a palace. So
 “ fair, so lovely!”——

This, dear Osborne, is only a specimen, and
 this specimen I blush to write. Miss Warren
 paid me not the least attention, but worked her
 muslin with infinite ease and unconcern. At
 length I grew weary of my own volubility, or
 perhaps began to feel its inanity. I made a full
 stop. Then she condescended to look up at me,
 and with an engaging smile—“ I think, Sir
 “ John,” says she, “ if you indulge often in
 “ these speaking reveries, it would be worth
 “ your while to learn the Persian; the English
 “ language is too poor for themes like these.
 “ How cold and lifeless is your—so fair—so
 “ lovely—to the animated glow of the East.
 “ Her eyes were large and black, like the eyes
 “ of the heifer of Yerak—their lustre surpassed
 “ the

“ the gems of Golconda---Her cheeks were the
 “ full blown rose of Damascus---Her teeth, the
 “ cypresses of Diarbekir-----Her hair was black
 “ as the raven’s plumes-----and its ringlets----I
 “ know not what---not bell-ropes---which I sup-
 “ pose would have been the English comparifon.”

“ You laugh at me, Mifs Warren?”

“ A little, Sir John; the part you now play
 “ does not, I think, entitle you to veneration.”

“ What has veneration to do with love?”

“ This love, Sir John, is very troublesome
 “ to you to day; like other lunacies, it feems
 “ to turn every thing into itfelf.”

“ Lunacies?”

“ Nay, I know not. What is become of
 “ that expanfve mind that ufed to delight in
 “ traverfing the fields of fcience? Or do you
 “ think me no longer worthy your inftructions?
 “ If you knew the fuperior pleasures I receive
 “ when you condefcend to give me leffons in
 “ wifdom and virtue!”

“ My fweet moralift! wifdom is too grave,
 “ virtue too laborious to be the occupation of all
 “ hours. You know the *ne quid nimis*, of Ho-
 “ race-----and if you pay any regard to the ob-
 “ fervation of the wifeft of all men---you muft
 “ know

“ know there is a time for every thing——and
“ consequently for love.”

“ There is a time also to be sick of love.”

“ It is the time present. I am sick, and seek
my cure.”

“ In what ?”

“ In a union with you.”

“ A pleasant idea, and wise as pleasant. The
“ world will be loud in its applause. Fame with
“ her hundred tongues will run before you, and
“ proclaim the hardy deed. Sir John Amington,
“ the sole support of an ancient and honourable
“ house, with a truly generous and philosophic
“ disdain of the scorn and censure of the world,
“ has entered into a matrimonial connection with
“ a young lady——from Kilkenny Jail——ac-
“ cused of murder——tried——and saved by
“ Sir John’s interest. A lady, with every re-
“ quisite to make the marriage state happy, ex-
“ cept family, friends, fortune and reputation !”

“ No!—I confess myself feelingly alive to
“ scorn and censure. Though the judgment of
“ the public is too often founded on error, I
“ own I am not philosopher enough to despise
“ its decrees. But is there no way to be found

“ —no

"—no way—to avoid this dreadful evil—yet
"secure the happiness I seek?"

"Be explicit, Sir John—ambiguity suits not
"your character."

"Be candid, and answer me one question.
"When the laws of nature and society happen
"to be at variance, is there any great degree of
"moral turpitude, if, whilst we injure no one,
"we sometimes prefer the former?"

"The question is too general."

"You have seen the world—the Eastern
"world—where the union of the sexes puts on
"a variety of forms—where millions err—if it
"be error to reject a single system, founded
"perhaps more on bigotry, than liberal legislati-
"on. Can you have put on the holy horror of
"the priest, and tremble at un sanctification?"

Our wishes, dear Osborne, have a fine con-
verting quality. I took the advantage of a kind
of mute wonder that appeared to hold Miss
Warren in silence, and said a much greater num-
ber of fine things upon the subject, than I
thought the subject could have admitted. I even
began to think my former sentiments too nar-
row for a gentleman. At length, Miss War-
ren cut short the thread of my argument, by
this, or a similar reply.

"I will

“ I will not give you the trouble, Sir John,
 “ of entering more deeply into this learned sub-
 “ ject; nor will I pretend not to understand,
 “ what I understand but too well. You have
 “ undertaken to prove by argument, what is usu-
 “ ally brought to the test of principle and feel-
 “ ing. I heartily thank you for your expressions
 “ of regard for me—nay, I am willing to be-
 “ lieve that they are real; but tell me, is your
 “ proposed plan intended principally for *my* grati-
 “ fication or your own?”

“ Why, my beloved angel, that cruel questi-
 “ on? There is a charm in mutual affection
 “ which triumphs over the proudest shackles of
 “ human institution. To love, and be adored,
 “ would, I fondly hope, constitute the supreme
 “ felicity of both our lives.”

“ Again I thank you.---In Asia, could I
 “ have submitted to such a state, I might have
 “ lived in all the splendour of that country. The
 “ thought was death to me;—and if I could not
 “ bear it there, where custom has diminished
 “ the horror inculcated by our religion, how
 “ should I bear it in England, where it is repro-
 “ bated by all whose esteem it is virtue to culti-
 “ vate? I thank you for wishing to ensure the fu-
 “ ture

" ture felicity of my life;—shunned by the vir-
 " tuous of my own sex; held lightly by those of
 " yours, and despised by the world, if I resem-
 " ble you in those feelings which are "*alive to*
 " *scorn and censure*, what portion of this pro-
 " mised felicity am I likely to enjoy?—*Your hap-*
 " *piness*, in such a situation, ought also to be
 " dear to me: But tell me, what would be *your*
 " feelings, when fame should trumpet it abroad,
 " that the generous Sir John Amington, smitten
 " with the person of a young lady whom he found
 " in danger of an ignominious execution, benevo-
 " lently exerted his interest to snatch her from
 " destruction, that he might nobly work her
 " ruin himself?" This last sentence was delivered
 in a low pitch of voice, and with such emphatic
 distinctness, withal accompanied with so keen
 a look, as convinced me that I cut a most ridicu-
 lous figure. The blood mounted into my face, a
 powerful evidence against me; and as I felt my-
 self equal to a snail in consequence, like it would
 I have gladly crept into a shell, had nature
 provided me such a retreat for my confusion. A
 sense of shame, of meanness and inferiority
 held me motionless; and without pausing she
 continued. " Think, Sir John, whether I could
 " be

“be easy, whilst your character were thus stigmatized, becoming the sport of fools, who with more prudence, might not possess any portion of your virtues. I must decline accepting your proposal, but shall ever retain the most grateful sense of the many obligations you have conferred upon me, and to the last hour of my life, shall remember with regret the delightful conversations we have enjoyed together till this unhappy hour. “Whatever may become of me,” continued she, rising, “may you enjoy all the happiness your best virtues are capable of bestowing!” With these words she made a low courtesy, and the tear starting in her eye, withdrew, leaving me with little more life, and in my own estimation much less respectable than a statue.

O Osborne! when recovering from my stupor, I regained sufficient strength to walk home, I felt a consciousness of littleness wholly new to me.—It was a reward for my first deviation from virtue; I fear I may say rectitude. In my progress through the streets, I was, as it were, anxious to hide my soul from every man I met, but most from myself. The gay delirium, which claret had inspired was now dissipated, and

and reason set before my eyes a picture in which I found no cause for exultation. To exhibit myself in a pitiful light to one whose good opinion I valued above the world! to insult her sensibility, her delicacy, her understanding, when in truth they are almost the objects of my adoration! and finally to lose for ever perhaps the only woman I have seen capable of making me completely happy! Coxcomb that I was!

Osborne! I charge you to forget this trait in my character as soon as read, but if you are able, value the friendship of a man who shews his naked soul to you!—

Adieu,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Kilkenny.

YOU will not envy the feelings of which I gave you some idea in the conclusion of my last letter. The image of the sweetest woman upon earth (forgive the warm painting of a lover) cleaved to my heart. Alas! what is philosophy! Vain were its efforts to restore tranquility. The learning of all the academies and universities on earth, could not have allayed the torment I felt from self reproach, united with another cause which perhaps lay nearer to the heart. The night was spent without sleep--and the morning presented no agreeable images to my imagination. I rose early, determined to see Miss Warren and reinstate myself if possible in her good opinion. I was told at the door, she was not at home. Stung at this denial, I returned to my inn and wrote as follows.

“MADAM,

“Distracted by self reproaches, I
 “endeavoured an hour ago to gain admittance
 “to

“ to your presence, in order to implore your
 “ pardon. If I have the smallest knowledge of
 “ myself, the levity of my behaviour was not
 “ consistent with my general character, but the
 “ effect of an imagination heated with wine,
 “ and if I dare to say it love,—combined, to
 “ my shame I say it, with wordly considera-
 “ tions. If you knew my sufferings, I think
 “ you would pity them---let me intreat you to
 “ grant me five minutes audience. God bless
 “ you! but don’t be inexorable—pardon from
 “ your lips is what my soul most longs for.

“ Adieu,

“ Your faithful and affectionate,

to o’Clock.

“ JOHN AMINGTON.”

An hour afterwards I received the following
 reply.

“ SIR,

“ Fifteen hours ago, I thought there was
 “ not a request which Sir John Amington could
 “ make, that I could possibly refuse. Never-
 “ theless the present I cannot grant. I own it,
 “ the

" the concessions you are pleased to make are
 " highly flattering, for since my father was un-
 " happily torn from me, I have not met with a
 " man whose good opinion I am so anxious to
 " possess as yours. Alas! to what heavy lot
 " am I foredoomed? There seems a wayward-
 " ness in my fate, which makes me fear I have
 " not yet arrived at the lowest state of wretch-
 " edness that heaven intends me. Born to af-
 " fluence I am now reduced to poverty—alive
 " to all the social affections, I stand uncon-
 " nected and alone upon the face of the earth.

" A short time ago, I dared aspire to your
 " friendship; now my sole reliance must be
 " upon my own fortitude, if heaven should
 " be graciously pleased to continue it. You
 " wish you say to wait upon me—to receive
 " your pardon from my lips. Be assured you
 " have my pardon, in the fullest sense that words
 " can convey it; for I am persuaded that one
 " who can occasionally act and think so nobly
 " as you have done, would not *deliberately* in-
 " jure any one.

" But indeed Sir John, I must not, will not
 " see you. After what has passed, it can an-
 " swer no good end. Do not think me caprici-
 " ous

“ous—if I know my own motives, they must
 “be such as you yourself would approve.

“Once more, accept the acknowledgements
 “of a heart overflowing with gratitude; and
 “whilst I deny myself the pleasure of your
 “conversation, believe me my heart bleeds at
 “the sacrifice. That heaven may shower its
 “choicest blessings on you, is the constant
 “prayer of

HONORIA WARREN.

Whether I perused this epistle with stoical indifference, or on the contrary felt all the anguish of vexation and disappointment, I shall leave to your conjectures. Certain it is, that at intervals I derived a kind of gloomy satisfaction in accusing Miss Warren of acting upon capricious principles. But these little triumphs of spleen were momentary; the violence of disappointed love, which you my dear Osborne can form a just idea of, always returned with redoubled fury, and anxiety tore me to pieces in the same proportion.

Many were my attempts to write to her; but every effort proved abortive; the first was too passionate;—to correct this defect the next was all reason—in short every attempt to write

was frustrated by the sudden changes of my own reflections. My head became confused; and in a state of extreme restlessness, without having taken any resolution, the usual hour of repose came on. All the night I was haunted with spectres—spirits, I hope, of departed follies.—In my slumbers, the shade of the insulted Honoria stood before me, reproaching me for pride and arrogance. At the sight of the Genius of Obloquy, in the figure of a *Morning Herald*, it shrunk and disappeared. Thus, love and pride kept up the contention in my restless brain, till all images grew indistinct, all ideas confused.

When my servant attended me in the morning, he found me feverish and somewhat incoherent.—He called in a physician; who called in a surgeon and an apothecary; so I was bled and physicked in due form; and whether from the malignity of the complaint, or the attention of the faculty, in three days I was thought in danger. Sensible of this, I made a will, constituting you, my dear Osborne, sole executor, and leaving Miss Warren 10000*l*. After this, I grew delirious, and reduced the faculty to despair.

But this condition lasted only two days. After a long and salutary sleep, I awoke the next morning

morning to sense and recollection ; and the first object that struck my eyes was the lovely girl herself. “ Miss Warren ! exclaimed I, feebly, “ how kind is this ! ” making an effort at the same time to take her hand. “ Hush ! hush ? ” cried she, eagerly, “ not a word, you must not talk ; ” and with a motion quick as lightening flew out of the room. In vain I made an effort to recall her ; she was gone. Upon the staircase, it seems, she met with my servant, who was so struck with a wildness in her look, that he immediately ascribed it to my death. “ Good God ! madam,” said he, “ sure nothing has happened.” — “ Hush ! hush ! Wood,” laying her fingers upon his lips. “ Your master won’t die now—thank God I have not killed him this time, I hope I have not—I hope he’s better.” “ You kill him ! ” cries honest Wood ; “ You are an angel, sent to preserve him.” “ Hush ! I say, hush ! you must not disturb him—no noise I charge you.” So saying she turned short round, and crept cautiously back again on tip-toe to my chamber, where she sat herself down at the feet of the bed, that she might not be seen by me. Wood followed her, and proceeding to the bed-side, asked me how I did ? “ I thank you, Wood,”

replies I, "I believe I'm pretty well,---but did
"not I see Miss Warren here, or was it no-
"thing but a vision?" "God blefs her, Sir,
"she is here---I'm glad to see you better, Sir,
"I'm glad to see you better."

O! Osborne, the sweet girl was so agitated with joy at the recovery of my reason, that she no longer possessed that calm, collected soul which supported her during her own more dreadful danger, and at the trying moment of her acquittal.---Hearing Wood tell me she was present, she started up and ran to my bedside, when it cut me to the heart to see a countenance so pale and emaciated, with so eager and wandering an eye. I seized her hand, and pressing it to my lips, made her sit down upon the chair by the bedside. "Wood, said she, "run and
"find the doctor---tell him he must fly."---Wood obeyed---"Don't be angry, Sir, to see
"me here, indeed I could not help it. Are
"not you my benefactor?---did not you save
"my life?---What harm can there be in nursing
"a sick man?---What is the voice of calumny
"to me?-- But you will soon be well, and then
"I'll leave you. "My excellent Honoria,"
said I, "how good you are! I have a thousand
"things to say to you, a thousand pardons to
"ask."

“ask.” “No not one; not one now,” said she; “you must be still, quite still, indeed you must. Farewell, I’ll see you again this afternoon.” With this she rushed out of the room; leaving me, as she said, to the care of the nurse.

The gentlemen of the faculty prescribed calmness and rest, and doubted not my recovery—but Miss Warren, instead of returning in the afternoon, sent only to enquire after my health, and again at night; apologizing for her breach of promise; which, she said, should be fulfilled the next morning.

How slowly moves the time, with those in longing expectation! it seemed an age ’till morning came, when about ten o’clock, my eager eyes were saluted by the sight of the object which of all others was most grateful to them. But heavens! how pale! how wan! how woe-begone! She had somewhat a more sedate countenance than before, and yet her eyes were far from tranquil. She hoped, with a sweet earnestness of voice and manner, that I continued better. I assured her, I felt myself almost recovered—better, I feared than she herself was.—“Oh! no,” said she; “I am tolerably well—” but some reflections have crowded in upon

“ me, that have robbed me of a little rest ;
“ perhaps the heaviness of my eyes betrays me.
“ I wish to say a few words to you, Sir John ;
“ but it must be in private.”——I desired my
nominal nurse, for Miss Warren had been my
real one, to withdraw ; and when we were
alone, I seized her hand, and kissing it, told
her, that I had undergone much misery from
the sense of my own unworthiness, and of the
anxiety I had occasioned her. “ Say no more,”
replied she, “ upon that subject, your apolo-
“ gies have been amply sufficient—but I have
“ been thinking.”—Here she paused, fetching
a deep sigh---“ What has my lovely girl been
“ thinking ?” cried I. “ I have been reflecting
“ very seriously since I saw you last, upon the
“ obligations I owe to you.”---“ Not one, Miss
“ Warren, I protest,” interrupted I.----“ Oh !
“ what shall I deserve when I forget them ?”
replied she ; “ my life, it may be said, I owe
“ to you—my fame likewise——but why ;” ex-
claimed she, “ why do I talk of fame ?—To
“ you, Sir John, I owe every thing ; can I,
“ ought I to be ungrateful ? The tenderness
“ with which you often called on me during
“ your delirium---your late act of generosity in
“ my favour, which transpired then, sufficient-
“ ly prove to me that your illness has been
“ owing to the agitation I have caused you. It
“ was

" was owing to my proud treatment---Alas !
 " why should I be proud ? why should I be
 " selfish enough to prefer my own gratification
 " to that of my benefactor ? and if I sacrifice
 " my honour and my fame, where are the re-
 " lations to lament my fall ?---where is the pa-
 " rent to hang with sorrow over me ?---I am a
 " poor, forlorn, weak woman ; alone in the
 " world, with not a friend to pity me !"---
 " My dear Honoria," interrupted I, " let me
 " intreat you to say no more---for God's sake
 " be more calm---look not so wild !" " I must
 " finish, Sir John ; I passed a dreadful night of
 " reflection upon these things, endeavouring to
 " distinguish between truths and prejudices, as
 " well as the present state of my head will al-
 " low ; which I think," said she, laying her
 " hand upon her forehead, " is not so clear as
 " usual---and the result is---that if it be necessa-
 " ry to your happiness---I think," said she,
 " trembling violently and hesitating---" I think I
 " must submit to be yours upon your own
 " terms."---" No, not for all the world," said
 " I, with emphasis, " I would not cause you ano-
 " ther moment's uneasiness upon that subject
 " for the universe !"---" Great God, I thank
 " thee !" exclaimed she, dropping upon her
 " knees, clasping her hands together, and with a

fixed gaze, looking up to heaven, "Great God, I thank thee!" Here she stopped---her feelings were too big for utterance, and for a few moments she remained in a state of terrible silence. I called to her, but she noticed it not---it alarmed me----"My dear Miss Warren, speak to me---" I beseech you speak to me "---nay look at me---why do you fix your eyes so dreadfully?---for heaven's sake look at me "---I cannot bear this---for my sake, for your own sake!" My terror lent me strength, I leaned over the bed side, caught hold of her arm, and drew her to me with a gentle violence. She readily yielded to it, and seeming in some measure to recover herself, cast her eyes upon me with a look of inexpressible tenderness, and in a few moments the muscles of her face beginning to work, she burst into a violent flood of tears. To me, they were the most joyful tears I ever beheld in my life. They relieved me from dreadful apprehensions. I begged her to be calm and pacified. She was still upon her knees, and fixing her elbow upon the bed-cloaths, supported her head upon her lovely hand, and endeavoured to conceal her tears by her handkerchief which she held in the other. "Oh! Sir John," said she, sobbing violently, "you are all good-
"ness

“ nefs—God for ever blefs you! what misery
 “ have you faved me from!” I faid all I could
 to foorthe her, and in a few minutes ſhe reco-
 vered herſelf ſo much, as to be more ſerene
 and tranquil than I had at any time ſeen her
 ſince my own recollection returned. A ſhort
 time more we paſſed, during which, leſs was
 ſaid by words than looks, before ſhe roſe to take
 her leave. I exacted a promiſe from her to re-
 turn the ſame evening, and ſhe departed, I be-
 lieve, much eaſier in her mind than when ſhe
 came. In her way out, ſhe met with Wood,
 and ſent him up ſtairs with orders to read to me,
 talk to me, and be even impertinent, rather
 than give me up at preſent to my own reflec-
 tions.

Wood obeyed her injunctions exactly. You
 know the old man, Osborne; he was my fa-
 ther’s confidential ſervant thirty years; and has
 ſince been mine. He loved me from a child,
 and I have a high regard for him. I pity thoſe
 unhappy maſters, who, with unrelenting gravi-
 ty, damp the effuſions of a friendly heart, leſt
 ſomething too familiar for their lordly pride
 ſhould iſſue from a ſervant’s lips. Some liber-
 ties are due to his age, ſome to indulgence and
 preſcription. There is a kindneſs in his greateſt

freedoms, which makes it harshness to resent them.

“ Since you will talk, Wood, tell me how you like Miss Warren ?”

“ God Almighty bless her !” says the old man, with fervour ; “ I never saw such another.”

“ Her attention, during my illness was very kind.”

“ You would say so indeed Sir, if you had seen it all.—How she hung over you for hours together ! tears running down so fast ! —but I am glad you did not see it.”

“ Why ?”

“ Because you must have loved her for it, Sir ; and as you can't come together it would have been only a trouble to you both.”

“ And why can't we come together ?”

“ I don't know indeed, Sir ; but I believe it is because you are so great and rich, and well-born ; and she is poor and humble.”

“ You believe ! What then it is not your own notion ?”

“ No indeed Sir. I think it a foolish notion ; but perhaps that's only a prejudice for being poor and low myself, may be, I don't feel like

“ those

" those that are great and rich. But poor lady,
 " she knows her distance however—and yet
 " I'm sadly mistaken if she does not love you
 " better than any man in the world. And yet
 " Sir, the only cross thing I ever heard come
 " out of her mouth, was, when I saw so much
 " of her goodness and tenderness towards you,
 " I prayed God you might come together.
 " She seemed very angry, and said, " fie upon
 " it, Mr. Wood! if you were your master's
 " greatest enemy you could not wish him worse.
 " No more of such wishes I beg." To be sure
 " as the world goes, she is not a fit wife for
 " you, Sir; but if goodness was greatness, I
 " don't know who might not be proud to have
 " her."

Whilst the old man's tongue ran on in this
 strain, you may be sure I gave myself no trou-
 ble to stop it—but to be sure, as he says, it did
 me no good; for there were so many touching
 strokes of simplicity in his artless narration, that
 my bosom never glowed with a warmer affec-
 tion.

Lovers, my dear Osborne, are tediously mi-
 nute; and I defy you from proving the contrary,
 by the brevity of any thing I have said in this
 letter. For your sake, I will hasten over the
 interval

interval between this conversation and our next meeting, though it would be in form, to set down every reflection that occurred. However upon Wood's departure, I took a pair of scales, to weigh the pride which had deterred me from thinking of Miss Warren as a wife. The censure of the world, I found upon examination, to be nothing but the envy and malice of fools, for whom I never did, nor ever mean to live. And yet this was all I had to oppose to the weight of the completest domestic felicity that imagination could suggest. It was weighing solid gold against a vapour. How did I abuse myself for entertaining the idea for a moment, that it would be necessary to apologize to the world, for marrying one of the most amiable women in it! unless, indeed, it were an apology for presumption. Having settled this matter with myself, you will easily believe the next step would be to make proposals of a very different nature, from those with which I had already complimented Honoria, and my vanity whispered me that they would joyfully be accepted. How egregiously do coxcombs flatter themselves! But I shall reserve the event for my next letter.

Adieu,

JOHN AMINGTON.

Sir JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

Kilkenny.

MY impatience to see my loved Honoria increased in proportion as the appointed time of her visit drew near; the disappointment was therefore great, when, instead of herself, I received a billet enquiring after my health, and apologizing for her breach of promise, by alledging a slight indisposition.

Two days more, our intercourse consisted of messages only; for in fact, her frame had not been able to support her late agitations, and a fever was the consequence. When a dispensation was obtained from my physician, I immediately set out the road my heart directed. The jaylor's wife, who had been Miss Warren's nurse, informed me that she was considerably better, though she had been very ill. Having sent up my name, she presently received me, sitting in a sick chair. It was with unutterable anguish and remorse that I beheld her dreadfully changed; the more so, as I considered myself the cursed cause of it.

Without

Without speaking, which my heart was too full to suffer, I ran to her, dropt on one knee, kissed her hand, and shall I confess it?—bathed it in a flood of tears. Her own flowed apace. With a sweetness of voice for which she is at all times remarkable, she begged me to rise, for I distressed her exceedingly. I obeyed, and stammered out some incoherent expressions of wishing to be forgiven for the sufferings she might justly ascribe to me. “Indeed Sir John “I do, I do forgive you.” Those who are skilled in the science of human nature, perhaps will be able to guess how it happened, that I felt an irresistible propensity to seal upon her lips, the pardon those poor pale lips had given; and why the tender tie that for ever binds my heart to hers, was strengthened by the action.

I now proceeded to heal the delicate sensibility I had wounded, by proposals of marriage. It was with pleasure I saw her eyes glisten; and the faint flush of the wild red rose succeed the lilly. This however was momentary; a deadly paleness ensued, and it was some moments before she answered me, that she was sensible of the high honour I had done her—but that there were circumstances of a nature that required close and deliberate consideration; on
which

which account, she begged a few days before she returned a decisive answer. I remonstrated vehemently against this—it was to no purpose. When once resolved she is the firmest of women. However she fixed upon the third day for her answer, and begged till then I would spare her on the subject. She then informed me that she had been a little untuned by a letter from Miss Clare. For you must know, dear Osborne, she would have left Kilkenny almost immediately after her acquittal, had not the expectation of seeing Miss Clare every day, detained her. This young lady had intreated her not to leave Ireland without bidding her adieu; and had informed her, by the Marquis, she would break through every restraint to see her. This purpose however, it appeared she had not been able to effect; that she had been detected in contriving it, and carried by her enraged father to a friend's house near Londonderry. There she had become acquainted with a Miss Ranerk, and knowing all letters to and from herself would be intercepted, she had so far made a confidant of this young lady as to engage her assistance. Under cover to Miss Ranerk therefore, Miss Clare intreats to be made acquainted with every step taken by Miss Warren. “Above all,” says

says she, “ acquaint me with your distresses. “ Friendship has given me a right to relieve “ them when I can—and to share them when I “ cannot.” She adds that her father is extremely ill, and at times, repents of the harshness with which he uses her, at the instigation of the brute Connor.

Miss Warren, after she had told me this, repeated her petition with such sweet earnestness, that I was obliged to grant it, and leave her at liberty to satisfy the demands of friendship.

I returned to my inn, exulting in the christian victory I had obtained over the world, the flesh and the devil. No turbulent reflection of evil doing troubled my repose. I met the rising sun with increasing self-complacency, and with little conception of any obstacle that could arise to intercept my happiness.

During the tedious interval of two days, in which I was enjoined silence upon my favourite topic, I frequently found Honoria writing. In the evening of the second, I surprized her folding up a letter, whilst the tears trickled down her cheeks. I pressed her with ardour to my arms, and kissing the round drops from her pale face, entreated to know the cause of her present sorrow? She replied “ that to-morrow I should
“ be

“be made acquainted with it.” “To-morrow!” exclaimed I, “Oh I hope to-morrow will be a happy day!—On my knees let me intreat that to-morrow may be propitious!” “Nay, now Sir, John,” said she, smiling sweetly through a copious flow of tears, “I must complain of you for breach of covenant. You are not to touch upon this subject, you know, at present.” “Indeed Miss Warren you insist too rigidly on the agreement; but I profess unconditional submission to your will and pleasure.” During the remainder of my stay, we endeavoured to assume a chearful, unrestrained behaviour, that sat awkwardly upon us, forcing a disjointed conversation which would make so poor a figure upon paper, that I shall spare you the trouble of reading it. In my way home I could not but reflect a good deal upon an unusual solemnity, I fancied I perceived in her manner of taking leave of me—yet little did I imagine that it foreboded the serious consequence that followed.

When the impatiently expected morning came, I was preparing to enquire my fate, when my servant surprized me by delivering a letter addressed to Sir John Amington, which I knew to be the same Honoria was folding up the evening

ing before, by a tear that had marked one corner of it. If this surprized me, judge what I must have felt by a perusal of the contents, which were as follow.

“ YOU are too just, too candid to
 “ condemn me without a hearing, for a conduct
 “ which perhaps at first, you may disapprove
 “ ---and oh! my good Sir John, let it be a pa-
 “ tient one. I hope indeed I have some right
 “ to claim it; for I think *your* good, *your* fame,
 “ *your* welfare, have principally induced me to
 “ counteract my own propitious fortune.

“ I must, I will be above disguise with you
 “ ---your sentiments are too liberal to despise
 “ me for it, and the occasion makes it necessary
 “ ---my heart has long been yours. Gratitude
 “ first led the way, and the esteem, the reve-
 “ rence I have since felt for your many excel-
 “ lencies of head and heart, have endeared you
 “ to me in a degree not easily surpassed. Im-
 “ pressed with these feelings, how will you be
 “ surprized to hear, that before you read these
 “ lines, I shall be many miles distant, flying
 “ from the person for whom I wish to live;
 “ from the person for whom I once offered,
 “ what I held much dearer than my own life.

“ O Sir

" O Sir John ! the struggle has been painful,
 " but the determination is the triumph of rea-
 " son over passion ; a triumph which would not
 " be so rare, were it more customary to subject
 " the impulse of first sentiment, to her friendly,
 " but austere tribunal. If I were your equal in
 " wealth and fame ; were I a Queen, with the
 " Queen of England's virtues, the first, the
 " fondest wish of my heart would be to be yours.
 " Alas ! how widely different are our situati-
 " ons !

" You have a great character to support ;
 " —you are the successor of a great character.
 " Your respected father long served his coun-
 " try, an uncorrupted magistrate, an unbiassed
 " representative. How eloquent have I heard
 " you in his praise ! the oracle of the doubt-
 " ful ! the friend of the poor ! the patron of
 " the distressed ! You, Sir John, must be
 " such a man ; but the reputation of a virgin
 " is not more tender than that of a man so
 " much superior to the generality of men,
 " and from whom, so much is every way ex-
 " pected. You must not therefore wound it
 " in its infancy by a connexion with one of
 " such doubtful fame as possibly my own at
 " present is, since the charitable world would
 not

“ not fail to ascribe it to weakness of mind.
 “ Shall I, for a moment, advert more particu-
 “ larly to myself?—Pardon me if I venture to
 “ express my apprehension, that compassion ra-
 “ ther than esteem and affection, has betrayed
 “ you to make me an offer of yourself. This
 “ is an idea too oppressive to my heart to dwell
 “ upon;—it might never have occurred, but
 “ that *once* you thought me unworthy of the
 “ situation you have since offered. I mean not
 “ to upbraid-----my heart is incapable of it;
 “ but should this be the case---when you have
 “ discovered that I am not an angel, as indeed
 “ Sir John I am not,-----when compassion has
 “ given way to discernment, and when you are
 “ assaulted by the bitter reflections arising from
 “ a sense of the rashness of a step, which ta-
 “ ken, cannot be retrieved, think, how a heart
 “ might be affected, feelingly alive to the
 “ slightest appearance of indifference in him
 “ from whose continued affection its only hap-
 “ piness must flow !

“ You will complain of my precipitate re-
 “ treat—perhaps impute it to caprice and to an
 “ unmerited want of confidence in you. No, Sir
 “ John; it is a want of confidence in myself.
 “ Fully persuaded that a separation is highly
 “ pru-

“ prudent, I durst not trust the judgment of
 “ an hour of solicitude, to the weakness of a
 “ moment. How dangerous would have been
 “ a reliance upon the firmness of reason, in
 “ opposition to your persuasive eloquence,
 “ supported, as I confess it would have been,
 “ by my own warm wishes. Let me then seek
 “ in flight and absence, some security for *your*
 “ happiness at least, whatever may be the fate
 “ of one, whom fortune has taken a strange
 “ malignant pleasure in distressing.

“ I do not however, think it necessary to
 “ conceal from you the place of my retreat. In
 “ compliance with what you have heretofore
 “ so earnestly pressed, I mean to offer myself
 “ to Lady Bembridge. But I have a request to
 “ make, which sits so near my heart, that it
 “ seems as if the ultimate felicity of my life
 “ depended on its being granted. It is that you
 “ will permit me to sequester myself from your
 “ sight for one whole year. If I were even to
 “ consent to your too generous proposal, that
 “ time at least, would be wanting to make me
 “ forget the unhappy events in which I have
 “ been involved, and enable me to meet my
 “ happier fortune, with a mind suited to its
 “ greatness. But what is of more consequence,
 “ in

“ in that time, your better genius will point
 “ out to you, how very imprudent it will be to
 “ impede your fame and fortune with such a
 “ wife. You will, I hope, rest contented with
 “ what wisdom shall direct——but never, ne-
 “ ver let me lose you as a friend.

“ Let me also intreat, that for obvious rea-
 “ sons you will remain some little time at Kil-
 “ kenny. You have heard that the good Lady
 “ Larrogan, with insulting pity mingled with
 “ detraction, has set on foot a subscription to
 “ enable me to get my bread in an honest way,
 “ and escape, if I have escaped, the snares of
 “ Sir John Amington. If you could see Miss
 “ Clare,——yet I cannot ask you to take so dis-
 “ tant a journey, for the sake of giving a little
 “ precarious comfort.

“ I have now finished a task, which the blot-
 “ ted paper will too well inform you, has not
 “ been accomplished without some heart-felt
 “ struggles; now it is over, the self-compla-
 “ cency of a mind, conscious of having dis-
 “ charged its duty, already revives my spirits,
 “ and will, I trust, continue to support me.

“ Good angels for ever guard you!

“ Adieu,

“ HONORIA WARREN.”

My

My dear Osborne! you shall make comments for yourself.

Believe me, &c.

JOHN AMINGTON.

SIR JOHN AMINGTON to Mr. OSBORNE.

(In Continuation,)

A Lover, when speaking of his mistress, says Horace, should be loquacious, minute, trifling, inconsistent, and insufferably tedious. In my late communication to you, you will not, I presume, accuse me of breaking this rule of Horace, and of Nature, from whom he says he had it; but now, when this insignificant I, is left to perform the drama alone, neither you nor any auditor on earth, will care how short it is.

The day of the receipt of Miss Warren's letter, I was absolutely raving mad—I had still wisdom enough to keep my sword in its scabbard, and my body in its chamber. The second

cond day—distracted no doubt—after the twentieth reading, I found Miss Warren's letter, wrong—utterly wrong, in principle, progress, and conclusion. The third day, perceived in it something not altogether absurd. Grew sweetly melancholic, and apt for soft sensations. The fourth day, became serious; read and found evident marks of wisdom, and an exalted soul; sighed and grew more contented.

Having a curiosity to hear the accounts current of Kilkenny on Miss Warren's disappearance, I sent for Mr. Gillybourn and one or two more respectable people to sup with me.

“The good people of Kilkenny,” says the “worthy lawyer,” “usually pour out the little malignities, *ore rotundo*, and with as full an expression as need be desired. But in the case of Miss Warren's departure, it has happened otherwise. The oracle of Kilkenny is Lady Larrogan, a rich widow with no relations but whom she hates, and no friends but whom she feeds. Her friends are a numerous party notwithstanding; for her cook has great merit, and her will is supposed to be rich in legacies.

“Now

“ Now the butler of Lady Larrogon has a
 “ mother, a celebrated washerwoman, who has
 “ the first notice of every material occurrence,
 “ and by dint of jarring with the maid-servants
 “ and the man-servants of the town, arrives at
 “ the rare felicity of establishing from these
 “ discordant elements, something like an opinion
 “ of her own.

“ Miss Warren, it seems, ran away in the
 “ night, and the news, as usual, ran its round
 “ in the morning; but not a soul durst deliver
 “ an opinion, till Lady Larrogon had decided.
 “ Lady Larrogon, according to custom, consult-
 “ ed her woman the same morning, but contra-
 “ ry to custom, found her woman quite unpro-
 “ vided; which *contre tems* was wholly owing
 “ to the butler’s not having seen his mamma.
 “ Lady Larrogon’s table was excessively full
 “ that day; but what could Lady Larrogon do?
 “ She has indeed shoulders of a broad expanse,
 “ and they said something. She also seated more
 “ wisdom than usual upon her eye-brows; said
 “ little, and that mysterious---For her part---
 “ she did not know---there were things she did
 “ not comprehend---Sir John Amington was
 “ a gentleman to be sure-----all might be, and
 “ she hoped was, as it ought to be---but some
 “ suspicious circumstances to be sure there were.

“ Ever since, the town of Kilkenny has look-
“ ed wise, shrugged up its shoulders; hum’d
“ and ha’d; and talked of Sir John Amington,
“ and suspicious circumstances; and this is the
“ way, I believe, with some little variety of
“ fabrication, that most vulgar opinions are
“ formed, throughout the dominions of his
“ majesty, King George the third; and faith,
“ if one half the common opinions in politics
“ and religion, and for ought I know philosophy
“ itself, as wise as it looks, were examined to
“ the bottom, I question if they rest upon a bet-
“ ter foundation.”

Since this is the case, thought I, it is of ve-
ry little consequence to me, what the town of
Kilkenny thinks; so I left it the next morning
and travelled by easy stages to Londonderry.
Now this was a vague errand, for I knew not
how to get to the speech of Miss Clare, nor
what to say to her if I could. By Miss Ra-
nerk’s assistance however, I got over the first
difficulty; the second, as the lawyers say, was
null and void in itself, for Miss Clare provided
materials in profusion. Her situation is very
distressing; it would have interested me, had
she not been the friend of Miss Warren. Her
father

father is ill, and in a way, which, by experience, they know holds him a long time. Once, on a similar attack, he did not leave his room for six months. Besides the peevishness arising from his disorder, he is stimulated by Connor, to insist upon his daughter's immediate marriage; and when Miss Clare is forced by their joint clamour to return an answer, which you may be sure is always in the negative, after the first rage of abuse, his spirits sink, he falls into despondence, cries, and calls his daughter the destroyer of his fortune, his peace, his life; so that she has been sometimes tempted to sacrifice herself at once to the will of her father, and give up happiness for ever.

“Would it not be better, Miss Clare, to give up your family for ever? Fathers who act thus, forfeit all title to duty.”

“I dare not think of it, Sir John. My father, though now cruel, was once kind; except in this single instance, I have no cause to complain of his want of affection. He is ill too, and wants a number of little attentions, which mere money will never procure. No — I must do my duty. I had better be un-

“happy from his error, than my own culpability.”

“Virtue itself, Miss Clare, may be carried too far. Miss Warren first confirmed this maxim to me by her own example. Miss Clare is going to repeat it. Supposing however this great additional duty unweakened, what do you owe Mr. Connor?”

“My detestation.”

“And you pay it him with half your Aunt Lingard’s possessions. Do you increase his wealth in order to increase his difficulty of getting to heaven? Can you be thus wicked?”

“What can I do? I mentioned it to my father. He called me a fool, and asked me why I would go to law for half, when I might have the whole? As to Mr. Connor, I know him well.—He will run through the whole chicanery of the law, before he will part with a shilling.”

“It is quite time to begin then. Permit me to advise you. Assume with Mr. Connor a firm tone, and demand to be put in immediate possession of your rights. If you have any male friend or relation, who has sense and spirit

“ spirit sufficient for the business, constitute him
 “ your attorney.

“ It is principally the want of a person of
 “ consequence in whom I could confide that
 “ deters me from thinking of it.”

“ Confide in me. Upon my honour I am an
 “ honest fellow enough, though of no great
 “ consequence in a lady’s eye.”

“ You, Sir John! you are in jest I doubt;
 “ besides, you reside in England.”

“ That is no impediment; I shall have proper
 “ agents.”

“ You are very good, Sir John; but my
 “ father!”

“ Continue your personal attentions to him;
 “ and chuse a favourable hour to inform him
 “ what you have done. He will upbraid you for
 “ preferring me to himself. You will avoid all
 “ altercation.—You will be silent when he is
 “ angry—and reason with him when he is not.
 “ Truth, by being often presented, will con-
 “ quer the most inveterate prejudice.”

“ Alas, Sir John! truth will not pay a debt.”

“ Let friendship do it then. I shall have a
 “ sincere pleasure in serving you, Miss Clare,

“on your own account; and as I have opened
“my heart to you concerning your amiable
“friend, Miss Warren, you must know that
“any opportunity of obliging her will be dear
“to me; and I am certain I cannot oblige her
“more, than by assisting you.”

By these and such like arguments, my dear Osborne, I prevailed upon Miss Clare to put her property under my protection. I sent post for Gillybourn, who expedited the proper instrument; and having stayed a few days to concert the necessary measures, and confirm the too timid Miss Clare, I set off for England.

I found on my arrival a letter from Miss Warren; a short one indeed, but worthy of herself. She arrived in London without accident; is, in consequence of my former very earnest request, with Lady Bembridge; wants not, nor wishes for, any thing, but to hear that I am well disposed in body and in mind.

I think I am. I know not any better disposition of the mind than to be in love with goodness. I have answered her letter. I have professed obedience to her commands, on condition she will suffer a few hundred pound bank notes to sleep in her bureau, and promise to use them

them without scruple, not only when necessity induces, but when inclination prompts. I have hinted an intention of travelling for a year—sometimes in Ireland—sometimes in France. And what better can a man do, who cannot rest at home? Company fatigues without amusing me; I cannot bring myself to relish my usual studies; God has not given me the talent of making baskets. What can I do?

Adieu,

JOHN AMINGTON.

The Marquis de St. CLAU, to Sir
JOHN AMINGTON.

Paris.

I THANK you, dear Amington, for your packet.—So your adventures in Ireland have come to a conclusion, and you have retired to the seat of your ancestors to torment yourself without interruption.

Is it owing to any peculiar qualities of your island, Sir John, that Englishmen are so wise, so temperate in love? Ever since I drank inspiration from the divine eyes of Miss Clare, I have sought the Heliconian fountains; have conversed with Miss Erato, and have learnt how matters go on the top of Olympus. Cupid has a house of lords there; where none are allowed to sit, except those who have had, or who ought to have had, a statute of lunacy taken out against them in the courts below. If
any

any peer betray marks of the *animal rationale*, a statute of wisdom is had against him, and he is expelled; but may still sit amongst the commons, provided he rail not at the Deity. As for you, there can be place for you in neither house, unless you will plead *pecially*, that you made one of two plaintive lovers, who crossed themselves——out of pure delicacy; a strong plea of lack of wisdom. For me——I am incontestibly a peer.——Judge——

You had the goodness to see my dear Miss Clare, and to comfort her, and to talk to her about every thing in the world, but the Marquis de St. Clair. And you have professed yourself *son cher Ami, son Avocat, son Protecteur, le défenseur de ses droits*. To me, you have left the bare title of *son Amant*; for which I have the strongest disposition imaginable to cut your throat——an English phrase for shooting a man, or running him through the body.

I should certainly have done it, but that I am so trammelled in the swaddling cloaths it pleases my dear mamma I should still wear, that I am unable to stir a step.

Hear the process of my calamities.

I obeyed, as a good child ought, the third mandate of my honoured mother, which, as you know, had the most expressive brevity, the French language is capable of. I did not suspect it, notwithstanding, to have had any other parent, than an impatience, similar to that of a sexagenary to be blessed in the embraces of his mistress. Alas! its father was quite of another complexion. The young Count de St. Flos had ravished my mother.

As you saw my correspondence with this vivacious youth, you will remember it was at my request he paid his respects to the Marchioness, and Mademoiselle St. Clair. It was about the time my sister had wholly left the convent, just to be shewn as the Marchioness de Roncour in expectancy. It is by no means a singularity in France, for a young woman to marry a title, and a rich widowage in the person of an old fool; and my sister, who knew nothing of love, had no reluctance.

A woman, you know, here, does not grow old as in other countries—love may be made to her at a hundred. The Count made himself agreeable to the Marchioness by a gallant mode of expression.—Not that the Lady intended

tended any kind of consequences; but it was a revivification of the pleasures of youth. What in the mean time felt Miss St. Clair? not a revivification, but a new creation, little to the taste of the Marquis de Roncour. The Count, it must be owned, is a pretty man, with a smooth young face, and spares no expence in silk and essences. It is possible also that his ardours might be more natural than old Annibal's. Unfortunately, Mademoiselle did not accurately assay these ardours; but took them to be the sterling coin of nature, when perhaps they were only the currency of our manners—tinsel; not silver.

The consequence was, that my sister, in favour of the Count, had the goodness to treat the commander like an old fool—till at last he began to be persuaded he was one. Wisdom, however, like the solid oak, grows with great deliberation; whilst the mushroom folly starts up full-grown in an instant. The Marquis, instead of placing his resentment where it was undoubtedly due, turned it upon the Count, and called him out to battle. It is true, there was a small mistake concerning the weapons; one entering the field with pistols, the other with

with the sword. When the seconds of these valiant heroes found out this *faux pas*, what could they do but propose an adjournment ? and before the time of re-meeting, the lieutenant of the police obliged them to settle the matter innocently according to certain forms of his own. This was the *finale* of valour—and of love also -----for the Marquis rebuked Miss St. Clair, with the freedom of a husband. Miss St. Clair replied with infinite spirit---the Marquis lost the field and never durst renew the engagement---and, as to the poor Count, he failed in his *carte géographique* ; having never from that disastrous day been able to find the Marchioness's house. Thus stood matters on my arrival.

When the heir of a noble house returneth from his wanderings, his mother killeth the fatted calf ; his brethren and friends make merrry ; and his sisters rejoice and dance. My mother killed no fatted calf ; and is not at any time much addicted to descend from her dignities, into the familiarities of affection. She has a large person, and a native majesty, as the Abbé Poloné used to call it, finely adapted to her magnitude. *Incedit Regina*----that is to say, like your fine cow in Welbourn park---grave,
and

and sedate-----with her majestic head and swelling dewlaps, that keep a waving accompaniment to the stately tread.

Accustomed as I had formerly been to this manner, I must own at this time, it rather unsettled my nerves. I even expostulated. "Of
 "that hereafter," says the Marchioness, "my
 "affection is at least equivalent to my children's
 "duty. Your sister weeps, and let her weep
 "her follies in a convent; and you, Monsieur-----instead of attending my request,
 "you amused yourself in writing a romance;
 "I hope you have *finished* it, Marquis---I
 "am not fond of second parts."

I answered by a bow.

"Had you not neglected your duty," continued the Lady, "your sister, instead of being the dupe of her own ridiculous sensibility, would have been Marchioness of Roncour; and I, not the laughing-stock of good company. Still less can I bear the impertinence of that coxcomb St. Flos--If I were a man--"

The poor Count suffered very much under the Marchioness's anger.-----It was a long and bitter

bitter philippique; and I was left to pick the story out of it as well as I could. I waited the end of it with all the patience of a philosopher. "And what, Madam," says I, "is to be done now?" The Marchioness turned her back upon me with a smile, half indignant, half contemptuous. As firmly as I believe the Pope's infallibility, without which no man can be saved, do I believe the metempsychosis of Pythagoras; and that my mother was once a Spartan matron, at a time when female magnanimity soared quite out of the reach of vulgar affections.

It was now incumbent upon me to pay my first visit of ceremony to the Count de St. Flos. He ran into my arms—for the soul of me, I could not help returning his embrace. "I love you, St. Flos, and cannot help this tribute to friendship past."——

"Past!" says the Count.

"Can you doubt it? I am come to put you out of the world, for the love of my sister."

"God be thanked," says the Count, that "there is so much good brotherly affection left in the world. Is it a matter of haste, Marquis? or can't thou permit a poor sinner to make his will, and say his last prayers?"

"It

"It is past a joke, *Monseur le Comte* ; the honour of a family is not to be trifled with."

"*O que non,*" replies the Count, "*elle est d'ablement délicate.*"

"You have undone my sister—exposed my mother to derision—and injured me, your friend."

"And what would'st thou have me do more, Marquis ? kill thee into the bargain ?"

"If you can—but if a just cause may expect success, I have hopes to rid the world of a man who disgraces it."

"Without repentance ? These heretic English have robbed thee of Christian charity."

"They have left me a sense of honour at least. Come, and put it to the proof."

"O, certainly. But has thy august mother swore like English Dick-----" "By holy Paul, she would not dine before my head be off ?" "—Prithee, since it is to be the last day of one's life, let us spend it well. I have engaged half a dozen of the first rate *beaux Esprits* to dine with me to-day. Thou shalt make a seventh. In the evening we will go to the comedy, and sup with thy *la Fleurette*, who would have died
"infallibly

"infallibly of anguish for thy sake, but that in
 "the vast city of Paris, she did find one to
 "console her. And how does thy pretty Hi-
 "bernian? Come, lay aside these sombre man-
 "ners! Sure thou may'st kill thy man, without
 "looking like the bird of Minerva. Thou must
 "obey thy mother sure enough, and dissect me
 "one day dutifully---but not to-day---and to-
 "morrow I hunt at Vincennes---and sup with
 "Monsieur Shogiratashiroff, the Russian Envoy
 "-----The next day I am at Versailles---hav-
 "ing the honour to be under the necessity of
 "being about the Queen two days a week---I
 "have a few other engagements, not worth enu-
 "merating---but I promise thee, the very first
 "day I have to spare, and find myself in a hu-
 "mour to die, I will let you know."

"A sister undone, Count, is something too
 "serious for sport."

"A very pleasant English writer has lament-
 "ed the hard fate of the fair, that they can be
 "done or undone but one way.---Now, either
 "he must be mistaken or thou---for upon my
 "honour Marquis"---

"S'death, Count, this trifling is insupporta-
 "ble. My sister had contracted a very res-
 "pectable alliance"-----

"O que

“ *O que oui ! tout vénérable* ”——

“ You slept in—influenced yourself into her affections—broke the match—then basely left her to contempt.”

“ Take care, St. Clair. You are my friend—my early friend—and I will bear your forwardness like a brother. In this quarrel I will draw no sword. But if you are determined to call me out—insult me with some base epithet that has no reference to your sister in it, and I am yours.”

“ You call yourself my friend—you who have broke its dearest ties ”——

“ By heaven, it is false.”

“ False ! ”

“ False. I have broke no tie of friendship. You with your present injurious treatment have burst its bands.”

“ Count, I *will* have satisfaction. Deny it me, if you dare.”

“ Come on then——no place better——we cannot be more alone.”

We drew---at the first pass he ran me through the left arm. At the second, my sword passed slanting into his breast.---He fell. Shocked to death

death at what I had done, I threw down my sword, and fell by his side. "My dear Marquis," says he, "I forgive thee. Embrace me, and save thyself. Believe me upon the word of a dying man, I am innocent of any intentional ill to thy sister. Every thing is owing to the pregnancy of her imagination. Farewell--- send my servants---and away."

I strained the poor Count, never so dear to me as at this moment, to my heart, and ran to send him assistance. I sent a footman to the King's surgeon, and called myself upon our family surgeon Sangrait, whom I desired to attend the Count, and afterwards myself.

How little I am liable to the anxieties that attend poor mortals on the common accidents of life, you, my dear Amington, well know. This habit of ease, perhaps, was one cause, why this shocking reverse fell with such weight upon me, as almost to unsettle my brain. I threw myself on the bed, and gave into all the horrors of despondency. My arm bled all the while. I scarce knew any thing of it. I was growing weak when Sangrait came, and alarmed the Marchioness and family, for I had stolen to my apartment unperceived. My mother made an intolerable

lerable clamour---something betwixt scolding
 and crying. I regarded her in fullen silence.
 Sangrait prepared to dress my wound. "Tell
 " me first," says I, "how does the Count."
 "The Count," replies Sangrait, "may live,
 " but there is more likelihood that he will die.
 " He has commissioned me to acquaint you,
 " that it is his particular request you leave
 " France, if possible, within this hour, in order
 " to avoid the first fury of his relations who are
 " very powerful; and that nothing shall be left
 " undone by him to secure your safe return.
 " Here is a ring he begs you will wear for his
 " sake, and this is his purse.----Nay, refuse
 " it not---I would not for the world report to
 " him any thing like your unkindness. Though
 " young, he has a most valuable heart, and
 " formed for friendship."

Upon my soul, Amington, I cannot get on
 any longer in this piteous strain; it is too
 grave for my head, and too grievous to my
 heart. As early as I can remember I had
 contracted an antipathy to the recollection of
 painful ideas-----even in jest-----so that I ne-
 ver shall be able to write tragedy as long as I
 live-----for want of the power of expansion. But

I have

I have begun my tale, and must go through it orderly. Genius of condensation, aid me!

The first hour---I would die. The second---I would not live. The third---I could scarcely endure the idea of crawling longer on a detestable globe, where men kill their best friends, when their mothers bid 'em. The fourth, was the hour of persuasion of a very reverend Dominican, the director of Madam's conscience, who proved incontestibly the probability that I should, just at present, be full as well off in this world, as the other.

In six hours a *lettre de Cachet* might be expedited; it was therefore necessary I should leave Paris in five. This was the Marchioness's argument sometimes, and sometimes her command. I was not in a humour at present, to pay much regard to either. At length a thought struck me. There was heroism in it. The night came on apace. I consented to take post for Brussels. My mother embraced me hastily, and put me into the chaise. We drove down two streets when I called to stop; and ordered my two servants to wait there six minutes. I ran to the Count's house, passed the porter who opened the door, and flew up to his apartment.

The

The Count has no father nor mother. Made-moiselle Latuffe, a very amiable girl, was weeping by his bedside, and his maternal uncle, Monsieur Lancard, was swearing vengeance against the house of St. Claur. Father Bénéoit, a Franciscan, was there also; ready to dismiss the Count to St. Peter, with a full pardon, and well anointed, provided *in articulo mortis*, he would put on the cowl of St. Francis, and remember the order. I entered the room *sans cérémonie*; “O Ciel!” cries father Bénéoit, raising his eyes towards heaven; Monsieur Lancard started up amazed, and *la belle* Latuffe turned her wondering eyes alternately, on the Count and me. The Count stretched out his hand—I took it and sat down by Miss Latuffe.

“My poor Marquis” says the Count, what “do’st thou do here? *Ma foi*—to consult thee;” replies I, “my mother wants me to be in “Brussels, and not half an hour since put me “into a chaise for that purpose. Monsieur “Lancard here wants me in the Bastile. I like “neither of the projects. I had rather be with “thee.”

“Uncle! my dear uncle!” says the Count with a pity-asking look—“*C’est bien comique,*”
says

says Mr. Lancard. "Yes," says I, "thou shalt grant me an asylum till thou hast determined whether to live or die. If thou chusest to live, thou wilt want no sacrifice to thy manes. If to die, I shall be as ready a victim, and full as willing, as if they fetched me out of the Bastile."

"*Mon dieu !*" says Mr. Lancard, "this is the most extraordinary thing! to apply for protection from the man you have killed!"

"I agree," replies I, "it is not directly according to the forms---but the heart will sometimes plead stronger even than the *Tom*. I obey in coming hither, the dictates of mine. To my life, if it will do you any good, you are kindly welcome---but do not add to the rest of my horrors, the cruel anxiety of not knowing what to hope or fear. Count, I must be with thee."

"Thou shalt by heaven!" replies the Count, "if-----but how to conceal thee?"

"Nothing so easy-----Monsieur Lancard, though an enemy, will be an open one. He has too much honour to betray me. Bénéoit is too good to do it; and Miss Latuffe too tender of heart. Not one of thy domestics
" knows

“ knows me. Call me thy cousin from Dauphiné.”

My rhetoric, aided by the Count's intreaties, at length prevailed-----and I got established in the household, by the name of Monsieur Donnard. As to my chaise and servants, I gave myself no trouble about them.

It was necessary to leave the Count to his repose; and I retired to my apartment, where, after the next dressing, Miss Latuffe had the goodness, at my request, to bring Sangrait. Sangrait crossed himself like a good Catholic, and answered my interrogatories concerning the Count, like a man who had not the quiet possession of his own understanding.

“ *Mon dieu!* my lord Marquis, what do you do here?”

“ How is the Count?”

“ So, so,”——with a shake of the head.

“ Is his wound mortal?”

“ Mortal!”

“ Yes,---necessarily and absolutely mortal?”

“ Undoubtedly---if he die. If he live it will indicate a contrary conclusion.”

“ Heaven

“ Heaven be praised ! This science of surgery is intelligence itself. Let us be more precise. Are any of the vital parts wounded ? ”

“ Certainly---the whole body is vital---What indiscretion ! The Marchioness----does she know of this extraordinary step ? ”

“ No, Sangrait ; I design you shall tell her. But tell me first---Will the Count live or die ? ”

“ As pleases God. You will be in the Bastille this night.”

“ Pho ! prithee---Pox take the Bastille---the Count I say----What prognostics have you found upon this last dressing ? ”

“ None certain !----Surely you are ignorant of your danger.”

“ None certain!---Then there is as much reason to hope as fear ? ”

“ Yes----for the Count-----but not for you. The Bastille is famous for holding prisoners of spite, as well as state ; and the duration of the imprisonment has been known longer than that of malice itself.”

“ I can leave it when I please. An Englishman in a moment will set his soul free from every prison upon earth. I have learnt the secret.”

“ *Quelle*

“*Quelle impiété! Mais vous plaisantez---* Yet
 “how you can jest under such circumstances is
 “perfectly incomprehensible.”

“Monsieur Sangrait—I have learnt to feel,
 “but not to lament. My heart is torn with an-
 “guish, let my tongue say what it will. But it
 “is your business to cure our wounds. You
 “must apply an emollient to the Marchioness,
 “without betraying my secret; and you must
 “tell us, what all Paris does us the honor to say
 “on our subject.”

Sangrait testified all imaginable inclination to
 serve me; having concerted the necessary mea-
 sures, we parted.

About the sixth day the surgeons gave us leave
 to mingle our hopes and fears in what proportion
 we chose. Monsieur Lancard also had the good-
 ness to inform me that the *lettre de cachet* was
 re-called, and myself at liberty. I ought to have
 thrown myself immediately at the feet of my
 indulgent mother, who was extremely offended
 at my conduct; and who did me the honor to
 suppose I had rejected her commands for the
 sake of some *la Fleurette* or other.

In reatliy, I had not paid her the most pro-
 found respect, although I know there was not a
 VOL. I. M lady

lady in Paris more strict in exacting this duty ; but the Count had opened the whole affair to me, with a frankness and candour, that admitted of no doubt. The Marchioness had certainly connived at the familiarities betwixt the Count and my sister ; and had the affair proceeded, she would not have thought the offence against the Marquis de Roncour worthy of being punished with death.----“ But to tell thee the truth,” says the Count, “ my affair with thy sister, was simple unmeaning gallantry ; she engaged neither
 “ my heart nor my understanding. Men marry
 “ in France, generally either for love or convenience.---An espousal for neither, is a derangement of intellect, as well deserving *les petites*
 “ *maisons* as any *que les petites maisons* can produce.”

From the Count's relation and my own reflections on the Marchioness's *tout ensemble*, therefore, I must own the idea of her respectability was something diminished ; and as I am past the age of loving for sugar-plumbs, there was no impetuosity in the desire I had of embracing this dear mother. Beside-----Miss Latuffe was extremely engaging.

I am convinced I have two souls as well as Masinissa ; would to heaven I could always
 have

have you, my Scipio, near to tell me which I should employ! The poor Count had relations who came to see him every day, and talk to him about his temporal concerns; the good Ecclesiastics too took the trouble to visit him *pro salute animæ*; and some ladies of a certain age, accustomed to give the *ton* in love to unperperienced youth; so that there were a number of hours in which I must have been condemned to solitude, but for the goodness of Miss Latuffe. Miss Latuffe was of the class of those benignant beings who delight in acts of kindness; and had taken the trouble to regulate the Count's household, at the request of Monsieur Lancard his guardian, whose house she had regulated before, and who had the goodness to resign her to his nephew. She had been married three or four times---but always *pro tempore*---which is a practice certain of my country-women seem to have borrowed from the ladies of Armenia, where they marry for one year---or *ad libitum*---or as your English Judges marry their Judgment seats, *quamdiu se bene gesserint*. For the rest, she was a very decent orderly woman; not very handsome, and not very young; having doubled her fourth lustrum. She was notwithstanding *assez appétissante*, and

her air was not yet become forbidding, or devout. Unfortunately, she knew nothing of philosophy, and did not care a farthing for all the electric, pneumatic, or hydrostatic machines, man excepted, in the universe. What could we do?----Something, that led us to the practice of one of our most important Christian precepts---Repentance. Yes! our repentance was as regular as the morning, and nothing could have hindered it from producing its proper effect---but our senses. Now the senses, according to Aristotle, have something of a lady-like humour belonging to them---they are not always pleased alike with the same thing. It happened in this case, that their impressions grew weaker; enemies take all advantages; Repentance redoubled his assiduities, till the victory was compleat:---Such is the excellent effect of perseverance in a pious cause.

The virtues, like their opposites, strengthen each other; and I began now to perceive that my inattention to the Marchioness was something more than an indiscretion. I hastened to repair it.

There are two ways in which my mother might have received me. She might have taken

taken me into her fond arms, and wept; me, the long lost unfortunate child of all her hopes. Sangrait had taught me not to expect this. If she did not chuse to indulge this fond sensation, there is another pleasure equally dear to ladies, which we French folks call *Gronderie*, performed by a brisk and rapid motion of the tongue. The fair sex make a kind of monopoly of it; at least the manufacture in their hands is far superior to the flimsy productions of men. Now this I did expect.

But my mother when she condescended to admit me to her presence which was not at the first asking, had got a kind of taciturn humour upon her. She looked her sentiments----and upon my soul she never, to my thinking, looked uglier in her life. Not that there was not majesty in her mien, for her mien was wholly *majestueuse*---but kings themselves can look ugly---if they strive for it.

Since she would not speak however, it was the more necessary I should, and I did it as the English pray.---I have done those things which I ought not to have done---of which, O Lady, you will have the goodness to absolve me. This was the tenor of a five minutes copious decla-

mation, to which the Marchioness attended with a becoming gravity---at length she answered thus.

“Your father, *Monsieur le Marquis*, had a certain indefinite power over you, such as the laws of nature and society give to parents--- You allow this.”

“Doubtless, madam.”

“This power he thought proper to devolve upon me.—Now the laws of nature and society require, that children should be nurtured by their parents, till they are able to procure subsistence for themselves. Do you know of any obligation beyond this?”

“I think I do, Madam. If my father possessed estates of inheritance—if I am his only son—if society has ordained that I am to support the honour of his name---a competent portion of his fortune seems so necessary an adjunct, that upon my soul, Madam, I don’t know how to set about the performance of this lineal duty without it.”

“Fathers usually judge of the dispositions of children to perform this lineal duty, by the performance of another, still more sacred---
“the

"the duty to themselves. I am your father--"
 "and was your mother, till you threw off the"
 "son; it would be useless to continue the re-"
 "lationship on one side only."

"I thrown off the duty of a son, Madam!"
 "No--the respect with which I hear these un-"
 "deserved reproaches, proves I have not. The"
 "eagerness with which I ran, at your implied"
 "command, to take away the life of a most dear"
 "and innocent friend, proved I had not--every"
 "action of my life, except this last step, to"
 "which my distraction drove me, is a proof to"
 "the contrary."

"Go on with your proofs. They are ad-"
 "mirable--and in an admirable tone of re-"
 "spect."

"I have done, Madam."

"And so have I, Sir. Words are idle things,"
 "when actions speak. Draw upon Monsieur"
 "Lamond for 200 livres a month--and heaven"
 "give you a juster sense of the obligations of na-"
 "ture and society." So saying, she withdrew.

Oh that my mother were Queen of England
 in her own right; what pretty rixations there
 would be betwixt her and your lower house,
 about prerogative. Unlike your Charles the

First, she would die a martyr without yielding an inch.

Not that this curious reflection struck me then; or any other of a clear complexion. When bile swells the stomach, it is apt to disturb the operations of the head, and to send up fantasies there of its own creation. I had them in plenty. Such usage no man can bear--no relationship excuse---I will beg, starve, steal, turn Englishman, sooner than submit to it.

In this state of mind, in which a man tells his tale with spirit and eloquence, whatsoever other requisites may be wanting, I ran to the Count, and poured the full cornucopia into his friendly bosom.

“*Ma foi*,” says the Count, “I suppose Aristotle had quarrelled with his mother, when he said, women were nothing more than errors of nature; and the learned bishop also, who moved at the council of Maçon that women were not human beings. It is true the question was carried against him by a small majority, apparently because the right reverends had not all such wise father’s as thine.

“And

“ And did he really leave the sole disposal of
 “ all his estates to thy imperial mother for ever
 “ and ever ?”

“ No—not quite so bad—he left his lands to
 “ me—but not till after the death of the Mar-
 “ chioness, whom God grant long to live, pro-
 “ vided she will let me live also. Thus you see,
 “ instead of being at age like my school-fellows
 “ at twenty-five, I am not so till God pleases.
 “ Besides, the lands in question were but the least
 “ part of my father’s possessions. He was rich
 “ in money. Now money, as the lawyers say,
 “ is a chattel---and all chattels are my mother’s
 “ ---and my mother’s let them be---The mines
 “ of Golconda should not bribe me to bear---”

“ A woman’s tongue. True---*mon cher En-*
 “ *fant*, what are riches, if they must be pur-
 “ chased by these overflowings of our cups of
 “ gall, if our nobler parts must be thus tinged
 “ with its black bitters? This is one side. On
 “ the other, could we keep this turbulent fluid
 “ from leaping over its bounds---there are
 “ pretty possibilities in money----pretty possibi-
 “ lities, Marquis----but they will be better con-
 “ sidered to-morrow. In the mean time---
 “ let us calculate.---My uncle Lancard assures

" me I have 24,000 crowns per ann. net rent.
 " ——— *Mon menage* is fixed at 12,000.——Add
 " 2,000 more, and it will suffice for thy small
 " wants also—— *Mon amour propre*, says 3,000
 " ——— *Mes amours impropres*, 3,000 more——
 " *Allons courage!*——4,000 remain for contingents
 " —and thine is a case contingent.——Go, *Mon-*
 " *sieur le Marquis*, draw upon Lamond, my
 " banker also, as well as thy mother's, for 200
 " crowns a month——and heaven give thee a just
 " sense of the obligations of nature and society."

In whatsoever light it may appear to you
 grave Englishmen, my dear Amington, nothing
 was more serious than all this; it was fulfilled
au pied de la lettre. The Count now appeared
 again abroad, but scarcely ever without his faith-
 ful Achates. Versailles did us the honour to talk
 of us. All Paris in consequence. What was
 still more extraordinary, the story got wind with
 twice the usual quantity of truth. Opinion ran
 so much in our favour, that, that most useful
 body of the people, who endeavoured to set
 things right by the help of the *But*, had but an
 unquiet time of it.———"But the Marchioness,"
 said they, "if we consider every thing, is not so
 " much to blame——But, what is to become of
 " *les*

“ *les bonnes mœurs*, if young people are allowed
 “ to set their opinions against that of their pa-
 “ rents----But, after all, perhaps it is only the
 “ enthusiasm of an hour.”---The *Buts* lost their
 efficacy; we were *garçons d'honneur, d'esprit*;
 and our friendship would have done honour to
 the times of Chivalry.

But what became of the Marchioness all this
 while? Why, now and then a pert *petit maître*,
 or some *Etourdi* just arrived from the provinces,
 might hurt her gentle ear; but in general, her
 circles were composed of obliging smiling people,
 who make it a rule to repress a sentiment, when
 a sentiment is disobliging.

Thus both parties went on very well, till Paris
 began to divide upon the question, whether my
 living upon the Count was a mark of meanness
 or magnanimity; of a little soul or a great
 one?

- This important moral problem, besides the in-
 finite number of *bons mots* to which it gave birth,
 produced, by the aid of Seneca, Epictetus, and
 Pere Malbranche, half a dozen *brochures* of great
 elegance. Not a *Causeur* in Paris, but found his
 own opinion confirmed by arguments incontro-
 vertible. Every body was edified; every body
 was convinced---except myself.

It seems to me that the same soul which guided me in the affair of Miss Latuffe, guided me in this. I observe whenever this rascally conductor takes the lead, my self-complacency is at its lowest ebb, and I am in haste enough to get rid of my reflections. So was it now.

To quarrel with my mother!--To live upon my friend!--When these impertinent ideas came simply into my mind, they always disturbed it. To be sure, the finest things in the world were said concerning just resentment, and the *jus commune* of friendship. But these were modest ideas; they never came unsolicited; and it was difficult sometimes to get them at any rate. The other two were bold, intrusive---and made not the least scruple to enter my granary at any hour of the day or night.

There are two kinds of remorse in France, the religious and profane. The first carries you directly to the confessional chair, where a physician of the soul settles the matter betwixt you and your conscience-----and there is an end of it. The profane has a different operation---and mine, alas! in default of efficacious grace, was profane. It teases you into a restitution, or a compensation, or the *amende honorable*---or, if the delinquency belong to a man's self only, into a reform. I sighed for reconciliation. In
order

order to obtain it, I opened my heart to my sister at her convent, but my sister's hour of remorse was not yet arrived. She still continued to rail at the Marchioness, at Roncour, at the Count, the world, and me. There were two learned gentlemen, my mother's most intimate friends---or calling themselves so, which is the same thing at Paris. These were so good to interest themselves very much, and took the trouble to dine twice with the Marchioness upon the subject; and would I believe have talked of it also, but that at the first distant mention, they observed the Marchioness's features took a particular cast; so that it became a matter of physical politeness to desist, rather than run the hazard of injuring the first concoction.

Father Garongle, the Marchioness's spiritual director, would have had the goodness at my request, to enjoin her a penance every day, for hardness of heart---but that it was a rule amongst the Franciscans never to turn the rod of salutary correction aside---for nobody knew better than himself, how good for the soul was the chastisement of the body.

Every thing failing I began to grow odd. I left off concerts, because the divine airs of Gluck and Piccini made no impression upon
my

my ear. The dancers at the opera gave me no emotions of pleasure or pain. I frequented no longer *les petits soupers*, because I did not like wit in others, and found that I had none myself. In short I mused.

It is impossible to convey the horror of this idea to an English ear. In your island, men muse from their cradles upward. I saw instances innumerable. I remember a pleasant one. One afternoon whilst you were engaged, I rode over to take my tea with Miss Harveys. Mr. Cornish, who soon after married the eldest, was there, but took his leave before me. "There is something unaccountable in this gentleman," says I, "he always seems to be talking of one thing, and thinking of another."

"Oh!" says the younger sister, "he muses. Shall I tell the Marquis, sister, a few anecdotes of his courtship?"

"Tell him what you will," replies the eldest; "Mr. Cornish is a worthy man—his musing is only a small blue spot in a snow-white handkerchief." "Oh! I grant that," says the other; "we speak of the little peculiarities of our friends, without esteeming them the less. Mr. Cornish, Monsieur, had been one day very pressing to make my sister declare her
"par-

“partiality for him. One must declare some-
 “time, you know Sir, and Mr. Cornish’s plea
 “being that day irresistibly warm, she thought
 “it as proper a time as any. Well then, Sir,”
 says she, gasping for breath every second, and
 blushing like Aurora,---“since you are so ex-
 “treamly earnest,---since you say-----the
 “happiness-----of your life-----depends upon
 “it-----I must say, Sir-----I must confess-----
 “having the appro-----bation of my friends,
 “Sir---and holding your character---in the
 “highest esteem---I offend the delicacy---of
 “my sex---by declaring, Sir---that you are not
 “indifferent to me.”

✓ “Don’t you think, Miss Hervey,” replies
 Mr. Cornish, “that, that piece, (looking at a
 “view of St. Mark’s at Venice) is a little defi-
 “cient in perspective?”---“Sir!” says my
 “sister---“It is demonstrable, Miss Hervey, by
 “the laws of optics, that the shadow of the
 “houses in the canal, is too forward by four
 “lines and a half.”---“Too forward, Sir!”---
 “Yes, Miss Hervey, my adoration has been
 “long and fervent. You must be convinced
 “of my love, my admiration, my esteem. In-
 “deed you have indulged the delicacy of your
 “sex long enough. Bless me now with the
 “soft confession.”

Not

Not twice in one day, thought my sister; that would be too forward by four lines and a half.

Should such a thing as this happen in France, a man may as well deny his dearest friend the liberty of shooting him through the head when he desires it. Character—*le bon ton*——all is lost.

“I am sorry, Madam, to say any thing disagreeable to you,” said a lady to my mother at the Dutchess of Ribemont’s assembly; “but, *sur l’honneur*, you carry your resentment to the young Marquis too far. Would you oblige him to turn monk? *Mon dieu! Madame*, it is cruel to tell you, but you ought to know. The Marquis muses, Madam. He supped last night at Monsieur Lancard’s. The pretty, witty, Miss Lamoignons were there—and had the goodness to endeavour to amuse him. All in vain. He mused the whole evening. *Mon dieu!* how his abstractions are frightful!”

The Marchioness left the assembly early. “This is a step too far,” says she; “we must relax. The child will be lost.” The next morning I had the following billet.

“A mother’s anger, how just soever, is short lived. Come to me to-day. I have proposals to make.

H. ST. CLAIR.”

The

The Marchioness received me alone. I entered her apartment with a submissive air---took her hand---kissed it---I even shed tears---What could a child do more? Formerly indeed, I had been accustomed to pray, pray upon my knees, but the position never pleased me.

“Marquis,” says my mother; “a retrospect will do us no good. You return to your duty---that is enough. Suffer me to direct your conduct a few years. I engage you shall feel and acknowledge the benefit of it, when you have more experience. You are fond of the frivolous amusements of Paris, as all young men are. Nothing can be more injurious than to let this inclination get a head. I must have you make choice of a profession. I will not offer you the bar; because you would be nothing, if not of the first eminence. The army, and the church are both open before you. If a mitre has any charms, in ten years I think I can assure you one. If you prefer the army, you shall have a commission directly; and in a couple of years may be a colonel. What say you?”

“I say, Madam, that rather than incur your displeasure again, I will be any thing. O-
“ther-

"therwise, I must own I detest the army, and
 "do not love the church."

"Will a civil employment be more to your
 "taste?"

"Frankly, I have no court inclinations."

"*Mon dieu*, Sir! you are very difficult. Is
 "there any thing in France, worthy to engage
 "your attention?"

"The English, Madam, have a character
 "they value above all others, for it must be
 "owned they make very little account of a
 "minister of state. It is an independant coun-
 "try gentleman, not addicted to mischief—a
 "thing much wanted in France."

"And would you have me believe, my lit-
 "tle Marquis, that at your years, and with
 "your habits, you could quit the gayeties of
 "Paris, and lead an idle and insipid life in the
 "country?"

"Oh! as to the gayeties of Paris, Madam,
 "since it is not your taste that they should be
 "mine, I sacrifice them upon the altar of du-
 "ty. For the rest, idleness and insipidity are
 "totally unconnected with my idea of the mat-
 "ter. I would get me a pretty little wife, and
 "we would make pretty little children, and
 "love them, and one another. And I would
 "make

“ make two blades of corn and of grass where
 “ one only grew before, which the English
 “ philosophers say is quite as useful an employ-
 “ ment as murdering mankind—Moreover,
 “ I would watch the collectors of taxes.”

“ Oh! for pleasantry, Marquis, you have cho-
 “ sen your time very ill. Surely I have a right
 “ to expect you would be serious.”

“ I am serious enough in all conscience,
 “ Madam. You don’t like the idle unconnec-
 “ ted life I lead at present—nor I neither. It is
 “ difficult however to lead any other at Paris.
 “ Now as I have no ambition for a general’s
 “ baton—no holy aspirations towards a crozier,
 “ and a perfect indifference for blue or green
 “ ribbons—what can I do better than double the
 “ value of my estate in the country, and be
 “ useful to my neighbours?

“ And you are really in earnest?”

“ Really, Madam.”

“ *Hé bien*, we shall see. You will want a
 “ little wife you say. This is my province. I
 “ will propose you to *Mademoiselle Previgny*.
 “ She is rich and well allied. You know
 “ her.”

“ Will you have the goodness not to be of-
 “ fended at my frankness? If I were to live
 “ be-

“ betwixt Paris and Versailles, and do as most
 “ people do there, I would take a wife at your
 “ recommendation blindfold. But be so good
 “ to consider, Madam; in the country, one
 “ generally marries for love, and one cannot
 “ love any thing. I have all the dutiful dispo-
 “ sitions in the world, but when people aim at
 “ happiness in marriage, it is a clear principle,
 “ they should chuse wives for themselves.”

“ If I have any penetration, Marquis, all
 “ this means that you have devoted your heart
 “ to the service of Miss Clare; for whose
 “ dear sake, you would quit the world, and all
 “ the business of it; forsake your mother, your
 “ sister, friends, and relations; and yawn life
 “ away in the woods of Caux; or if she plea-
 “ ses, on the banks of the lake of Killarney.”

I must confess, Amington, this stroke de-
 ranged my faculties a little. I looked silly—
 said nothing—and convinced the Marchioness
 of the justness of her penetration, as well as
 confession in form could have done.

“ I see how it is, Marquis,” continued she,
 her fine face beginning to flame. “ I will use
 “ but few words. You are ridiculous; no man
 “ need be more so; and you are not easy till
 “ your folly is compleat. Finish then. Marry
 “ Miss Clare, and live—how you can. I shall
 “ die

“die sometime—never tear it. Till that happy hour, love will supply your wants.”

“Nature is extremely in the wrong, Madam, to give children inclinations of their own; whilst their mothers are so willing to supply them.” The Marchioness frowned. “Don’t be angry, dear Madam. Would to heaven my heart was under my own direction; it should be then under yours. I confess it is terribly importunate about this Miss Clare, against whom you have taken so horrible an aversion, without knowing a syllable about her.”

“You are mistaken, Marquis; a mother’s curiosity is seldom asleep, where the good of her children is concerned. Judge. Her father, an Irishman by birth; by profession, an independent country gentleman;” (with a sneer) “and by nature, a brute!-----Has a clear estate of 400 livres sterling per annum, mortgaged for half the value. In his whole circle of consanguinity, there is not a single personage the Marquis of St. Clair can place at his table without a blush. The daughter, a mere country girl, known to nobody. An exquisite alliance!---It is impossible to think of it, without the utmost indignation. Observe, Marquis. My determination.”

"mination is absolutely fixed. Miss Clare---

"no mother. Miss Previgny---an ample for-

"tune, my affection, and best services. You

"have only to chuse."

"Will you indulge me, Madam, in a re-
"monstrance?"

"No-----in one word; No-----I will be o-
"beyed, or-----"

"Madam, I submit." And did not I do
right, my dear Amington? I'll be bold to af-
firm there is not a lady in France less fond of
contradiction than my mother; or one who has
a prettier predilection for her own opinions.
Well---as she says---we shall see. At present I
am the young Marquis de St. Clair, honoured
by my mamma---obeyed by her servants---and
something more at ease than when an exile
from my father's house. But I have not seen
Miss Previgny yet. Adieu---Write, and speak
comfort to your half-distracted,

St. CLAIR.

END OF VOL. I.



